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Events of the Week.

THE week has seen the first stages of one of the most momentous changes of Government in British history. The Coalition Cabinet has resigned, or, rather, has been forced out of office. The engineer of its downfall is Mr. George, who on Friday week presented the Prime Minister with a demand for a Council of War consisting of four Cabinet Ministers—Mr. Law, Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Henderson (or another Labor member), and himself—and having independent and virtually uncontrolled direction of the war. The Prime Minister was not proposed as a member of the Council, least of all as its Chairman, and though he might, according to Lord Derby, have exercised a nominal veto, or even strolled into its meetings, he was obviously to be excluded from its day-by-day deliberations. No British Prime Minister has received such a slight since Pitt wrested the direction of the Seven Years' War from the weak hands of Newcastle, and constituted a body such as that proposed by Mr. George. To make the change more drastic still, the War Secretary suggested a reformed Cabinet, excluding Lord Grey, Mr. McKenna, and the Elder Statesmen. Under this arrangement both the war and our foreign policy would have been virtually shut off from Mr. Asquith's control, and he would have remained a mere Monsieur Veto in a Lloyd George Cabinet.

THERE seems to have been some earlier coquetry with this astonishing proposal, but it can never have been accepted either in form or in substance, and on Monday its rejection was sealed by the intervention of Mr. Asquith's Liberal colleagues, and a formal refusal dispatched. Mr. George's answer was resignation, coupled with a general indictment of Coalition methods and policy, which his late colleagues, Liberal and Unionist, may well have repudiated in common. But the George resignation altered the whole field of politics. The Unionist members declined to go on, and Mr. Asquith, who had contemplated "reconstruction" on the basis of a smaller Cabinet and War Council, with himself as Chairman, and presumably offered this compromise to Mr. George, was forced to resign. There remained only two possible Prime Ministers. The first was Mr. Bonar Law, who, alone among the Unionist members of the Cabinet, had acted in concert with Mr. George. The second was the War Minister himself. Whether on Mr. Asquith's advice or on the King's personal decision, Mr. Law was first sent for, and within a few hours abandoned the task of forming a Government, if he seriously entertained it. Mr. George was then sent for, in concert with other statesmen, and was, of course, willing to take office and form a Government. This is now his task, and so far as the formation of a small, inner Cabinet is concerned, it is likely to succeed, and even to be completed, by the next meeting of Parliament.

THE preliminary steps of Mr. George's Cabinet making have been taken with success, and show the audacious and quite characteristic conception of a Tory-Labor combination, which realizes the old Imperialist dream of a "National" or "Patriot" Government. The first element is secured by the attachment of Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson, Lord Milner, Lord Curzon, and probably Mr. Chamberlain, though Lord Robert Cecil's adhesion is doubtful. The second is obtained by a sweeping offer to the Labor Party of two or three seats in the Cabinet, including one on the War Council (for which apparently a knowledge of the art of war is not to be a qualification), and a number of Under-Secretaryships, and of a Socialistic policy of nationalization (temporary or permanent?) of coalfields and shipping, coupled with a "conscription of wealth." The price is to be industrial conscription, which is also, we imagine, the condition of Tory and Northcliffe support. Whether Labor will pay it or will consider its representatives authorized, is another question. The great Georgian method is one of quick returns rather than final results. A third element of the Government is, it is suggested, to be a "business wing"; and a fourth, the adhesion of "Ginger" Liberalism, as against the alienation of the whole of Mr. George's Liberal colleagues in the Cabinet. On them, on Mr. Asquith, and on the Liberal Party, a continual stream of invective or insinuation pours from the Northcliffe Press. In a few short hours, therefore, a totally new confrontation of British parties has been secured, and Radical-Liberalism excluded from power. Disraeli's leap in the dark is as nothing compared with this cataclysm. So far as the war is concerned, there can be no effective change of policy.

THE military situation is chiefly colored by its least significant factors. In spite of the now confessed failure of the Verdun offensive, the Trentino campaign and the carrying forward of the whole Russian line below the Pripet with a capture of prisoners almost equal to the whole Roumanian Army, the fall of Bukarest is the dominant note of the moment. The tendency is at present to forget that Falkenhayn was dismissed on the entry of Roumania into the war or to imagine that he and Mackensen have now redeemed the situation. The Roumanian campaign does not write off the three huge failures of the enemy during the year, and it is only successful in the negative sense of providing more territory to recover. In so far as fresh supplies are obtained, the enemy's position is improved. Otherwise his chief gain is moral and political, and we are merely playing into his hands in so far as we exaggerate his achievement. Of far greater importance to the chances of the Allies is the widespread political upheaval everywhere. If decision and resolution could be assumed for the military ability which is at the disposal of the Allies, we should be justified in regarding the Roumanian campaign as a costly and unproductive speculation on the part of the enemy. Everything turns upon the political situation. Policy is the obverse of strategy, and where the statesmen are shortsighted or undecided, strategy must go blindfold into action.

BUKAREST has been evacuated by the Allies, and has been occupied by the enemy. It is only as a symbol it assumes any importance. Curtea Arges was of greater importance in the history of Roumania; but because it is not the present capital, its cession has been scarcely noticed. It seems probable that the evacuation of Bukarest was decided upon some time ago. Certainly its conditional evacuation would be taken as axiomatic by Roumania's military advisers. The condition came into effect when the Danube column, moving from Guirgevo, assumed sufficient proportions to seize Comana. When this village was captured the bulk of the Roumanian Army was far to the east, and our Ally fought the battle of Pitesci to extricate it and enable it to retire. With the junction of Pitesci was involved the fate of the defensive forces at Campulung and Tergovista, and the strength of the blow at the junction is explained by the attempt to cut the lines of retreat of these two bodies. The resistance so long and so successfully maintained in front of Sinaia, below the Predeal pass, was also part of the plan for enabling the two Roumanian forces to fall back. The "rout" of the army at Pitesci, and the "pursuit" of the Roumanians, are substitutes for the failure to cut off the forces at Campulung, Tergovista, and Sinaia. All fell back safely, and the retreating columns suffered no more than forces so situated must suffer. The sound military decision which controlled the whole movement was obvious when a Russian force re-took Comana, and thereby gave time and freedom for the evacuation of the salient towards Pitesci.

WITH the withdrawal from Sinaia, the main railway to Bukarest through Ploesti was opened, and the capital was evacuated in due course. It was north of Sinaia, in the Predeal Pass, that the chief concentration of German heavy pieces lay, and as soon as it was available, there was not only added to the Comana and Pitesci route a third road of approach for heavy artillery, but the most formidable force of guns was free to move. The true sequence of events shows the evacuation proceeding in due order, the most dangerous route being opened to the Germans last of all, when the capital was

ready to be abandoned. From a merely military standpoint the enemy has not much ground for boasting. He has failed to capture the Roumanian Army. He was too powerful for our Ally to resist; but, recognizing their inferiority, the Roumanians took their fate in their hands and retired in good order. If we measure the campaign by that of Verdun, or the Somme, or the Russian offensive, we can gather some idea of its true value. It has occupied three months, and the enemy has placed *hors de combat* not half as many troops as there fell of his own soldiers in any one of these three campaigns within the same period of time.

THE moral of the Roumanian armies is still unimpaired. The small force which was left behind at Orsova was reported on Wednesday fighting on the Alt. It has been surrounded by enemy forces for a fortnight, yet with extraordinary heroism it has marched from place to place and fought numerous battles. It did not relax its hold on the Danube until Sunday, and although parts of it have been cut off in its various encounters, it remained in being until it reached the Alt, where it was unable to break off the action before the enemy's columns had surrounded it. The final surrender of the 8,000 men left was a foregone conclusion; but its skilful and gallant resistance for so long after it was completely cut off is a remarkable performance. We cannot but regret the fate of Roumania. Its valor and skill have deserved better of the Allies than the indecision and bungling which have led to the loss of half its territory. On that side all is loss. There is no redeeming feature; and the people of our Ally will suffer the cruel treatment which the enemy metes out to all conquered peoples. But the military effect is not great. The Roumanians will fall back probably to the Sereth, where the line will be considerably shorter, and they will be nearer the bases of the Russians upon whom the Eastern campaign depends. It is possible that the enemy will be able to send a certain proportion of troops to deal with the Salonika force.

IT is not yet easy to give an intelligible account of the attack made upon the small Allied force which was landed at Athens last Friday. The object of the landing was apparently to maintain order and prevent a massacre of Venizelists by the King's partisans. Admiral du Fournet (it is said in Paris) did not propose to seize by force the ten batteries of mountain guns which the Allies had demanded, and ordered his men merely to occupy certain positions, and to refrain from any attack on the Greek forces. They were none the less attacked and surrounded by Greek troops, and suffered some casualties (eight British and forty-six French killed). The Greeks are said to have brought 25,000 men against the Allied 3,000, and are now full of warlike ardor. In the end the French ships shelled the Palace, an armistice was arranged, and the Allied troops marched back to the shore under escort in a most humiliating plight. The governing fact of the whole incident is, as Lord Robert Cecil has stated, that repeated assurances were given both by the King and his Government that "no disturbance would be permitted," and in the treachery which followed, "the King and his Government are equally involved." It is certainly untrue, as telegraphed from Athens, that a settlement has since been reached with the King. The intention before the fall of the Coalition was to blockade Greece.

THE ugliest feature of the situation at Athens is that a reign of terror has broken out which involves much

barbarity against the Venizelists. Greek narratives should always be treated with caution, but with some knowledge of the wholesale brutalities and massacres which the Greek army, under King Constantine, perpetrated against the Bulgarian peasantry in Macedonia in 1913, we have no difficulty in believing that there is much truth in these stories, even when allowance is made for panic. Even in the Balkans there is no mob quite so brutal and so cowardly as a Greek mob. Detailed telegrams have arrived of outrages on two Greek nurses and on the aged Venizelist mayor of Athens, while vaguer but quite probable statements describe the prisons as full of Venizelists who are beaten and tortured. The Pro-German element is once more in full control of the army, the Venizelist press is closed down, the Venizelist officials imposed by the Allies have been dismissed, and others are going over to the King. The suspicion grows that the King may be waiting for the arrival of a German army from Roumania to attack the Allies in the rear.

* * *

It is sufficiently clear that the whole Greek situation has been grossly mis-managed. The critics of Lord Grey insist, of course, that he ought from the first to have followed a policy of thorough-going coercion against Greece. On the contrary, the mistake, as we see it, was that a continual guerilla coercion was kept up, at the instance of the French military authorities. Steps to secure full control of the actual war-zone were plainly necessary as military measures. It is the ineffectual interference in the purely domestic concerns of Greece proper, and especially the measures of police taken at Athens, which have done the mischief. It was a policy of half-measures, which irritated but did not intimidate. These mistakes will have their sequel, and further coercion is now inevitable. We hope that whatever is done will be done on the ground of military necessity, and not on the purely mythological case advanced by some experts, that we have a standing right at any time to political and military intervention in Greece.

* * *

M. TREPOFF's first meeting with the Duma has been stormy. The Socialist deputies tried to prevent his speaking on the ground that he was a member of the Stuermer Cabinet, which the Duma had condemned as a whole; they were suspended. The Speaker, M. Rodzianko, has resigned, in consequence of insults from a reactionary deputy. A reasoned motion of "no confidence" in M. Trepoff, on the ground that he belongs to the "old gang," has been put forward by the Progressist group. Whether it is adopted or not by the Block, the fact seems to be (as the "Times" states) that the Duma as a whole regards the new Premier coldly. Meanwhile, M. Miliukoff is being prosecuted for accusing M. Stuermer of peculation. With the important declaration of M. Trepoff we deal elsewhere. It reaffirmed the will of Russia (1) to conquer the whole of Poland within its proper ethnological frontiers, and to unite it indissolubly to the Russian crown; and (2) to acquire the possession and sovereignty of Constantinople and the Straits. This Russian "right" had, he said, been definitely established by agreements signed with Britain, France, and Italy in 1915. Russia, as sovereign of the Straits, will grant Roumania free passage for her merchandise.

* * *

Few of the belligerent governments are happy. M. Briand was given a majority of 184 at a Secret Session of the French Chamber, but the British Cabinet has fallen, while the German Chancellor escaped defeat in the Reichstag by only one vote, and had against him the parties of the Left, on whom he usually

relies. The issue was the clause in his Man-Power Bill, which forbade men swept up by industrial mobilization to strike. It is remarkable that so stout a fight should have been put up, not merely by the Minority Socialists, but by the official Socialists and the usually timid Radicals, against this provision, which probably could have been carried in other belligerent Parliaments by much larger majorities. The measure itself gives the Government almost unlimited power to take men exempted from military service from one industry and draft them to another, and applies to the whole range of production in Germany the kind of regulations which apply here only to munition-making. A Socialist speaker denounced it as a form of slavery which could hardly be worse if Germany were occupied by the enemy.

* * *

No further announcement has been made of the terms on which the Government has assumed control of the South Wales coalfields. The men's claim for a 15 per cent. advance has been provisionally conceded by the Board of Trade, but in answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Pretyman stated that he could not say whether the charge was to be borne by the taxpayer or the coalowner. The Board of Trade is to audit the mining accounts to determine the cost of production. The settlement is thus, so far, merely temporary, and everything depends on the arrangements to be made for conducting the industry. Moreover, the demand of the South Wales miners for an extension of the principle of State control to all mines has considerable substance, though the history of the South Wales coalfield makes this in some respects a special case.

* * *

We pointed out last week that the mines do not become controlled establishments under the Munitions Act. They have been transferred to the Board of Trade under the Defence of the Realm Act. How are they going to be conducted? Is the old system of profits, with its incessant quarrels over the division, to continue? If so the settlement settles nothing except the dispute of the hour. The true method is to call the miners into partnership. The task is simple, for it is not complicated by any question of finding markets. The nation wants coal. The miners can help, not only by hewing, but by taking part in the organization of their mine. The Government recognizes this in the case of the general difficulty of absenteeism. This is the principle to be applied in South Wales if the new scheme is to be made effective for its purpose.

* * *

A FORTNIGHT ago the landlords in the House of Lords turned on a simple proposal for securing the national property in the factories set up on private land in this emergency and destroyed it. We wonder who is going to challenge the raid on the commons. The Board of Agriculture is taking powers to seize and cultivate unoccupied land, whether private or common land. The Minister who prepared this attack on the commons was unable to show that his Department had taken any effective measures for securing the nation against that prospective deficiency of food which is now found to be alarming in character. If there was any spirit of democracy in the management of affairs, it is obvious that the common lands—the only symbol to the mass of the nation of their share in its soil—would be taken last.

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We observe that the "Times" of this (Friday) morning quotes a reproduction by the Wolff Bureau of a passage in last week's NATION in regard to peace. We need not say that the quotation was garbled.

Politics and Affairs.

A LEAP IN THE DARK.

THE war, which has changed the world, has brought about an innovation in our Government which seems derived from the practice of France under the early Jacobins. When one of these gentlemen desired power or office with which the State had omitted to endow him, he occasionally nominated himself for the position. To this French precedent Mr. Lloyd George has added an English example. Last week he proposed to divide the Coalition Cabinet into two parts. The first and unimportant part was to consist of the Prime Minister and his colleagues. The second and vital part was to consist of himself and three inconspicuous civil associates, and was to be charged with the sole direction of the war. It appears that the governing King was to yield to the reigning King a nominal veto on the proceedings of his super-Cabinet. The point is of no consequence. The veto would have gone the way of all vetoes, Royal and otherwise. It would have been used to fix Mr. George's primacy, and place his late chief at the mercy of the War Directorate. The demand on Mr. Asquith was therefore not only to depose himself, but to serve, shorn and blinded, in the temple of his real successor. So that Mr. Asquith might make no mistake on this point, Mr. George proposed to add the management of Foreign Affairs to his control of the war, and to exclude from the Cabinet both the closest personal friends of the Prime Minister, including Lord Grey and Mr. McKenna, and the Elder Unionist Statesmen, like Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour, of whom he disapproved. Thus for the second time in British history it was proposed to set up a dictatorship within the Cabinet, but hardly of it, stripping the historic office of Prime Minister of all dignity, authority, and constitutional right. We are invited to believe that the victim of the plot was ready to become its accomplice, and that in some form of written or spoken acquiescence Mr. Asquith consented to play the part of Newcastle to Mr. George's Pitt—a Pitt of Printing House Square. We cannot credit that assertion. The proposal was an invitation to Mr. Asquith to declare himself unfit to carry on the war, and therefore to preside over the Government formed for that purpose, and for that purpose only. We believe, on the contrary, that Mr. Asquith declined, with the vehement assent of all his Liberal colleagues, and the approval at least of all his Unionist associates save one. He accepted the smaller war council which Mr. George demanded, but insisted on his own Chairmanship, only to be met by Mr. George's resignation, and the following secession of the Unionist members of the Cabinet. The end of the long mutiny, therefore, has come. The hand which made the Coalition has struck it down; and now aspires to run its successor with such help as he can command from its relics, from a tremendous straddle between Tory Imperialism and Labor, and from the Parliamentary snipers to whom he has long been signaller-in-chief.

This is the brief story of Mr. George's climb, or rather spring, to the Premiership. We have long thought this issue inevitable. Mr. George has not beaten the Germans, but he has destroyed two British Governments and some liberties of the British people, and his bustling vigor and adroitness have impressed themselves on the popular mind in contrast with Lord Northcliffe's hourly presentation of his colleagues as a mass of senility and incompetence. This falsity, with its quantum of truth, now stands for trial. The country will do much to win

the war, and from the weakness of the Coalition in itself, and from the exaggerated picture of that weakness which the great new demagoguery of print has produced, there has sprung the hope that Mr. George may be the man to do it. He has at least the power to show what is in him. He will, we have no doubt, shortly command a kind of emergency Cabinet. It can hardly be compounded of as good material as that of the fallen Government. It might have been so compounded had Mr. George secured the confidence of the men who have sat with him in council and tested his powers of work and character. This element of power in British statesmanship is denied him. On the other hand, he is a true personality of the hour. It has made him; his audacities of manipulation excite and please, and even inspire men with hope. He has played tricks with the Constitution. What of it? Wars are not won by phrases and formulæ and associations of Elder Statesmen; the Prussian will to conquer must rather be met on our part by a corresponding alertness and single-minded concentration of purpose. Mr. George's appeal is to this simple instinct, which will now be satisfied or disappointed. He has views of the campaign which we do not accept, but which he can now impress on his friends if he will. The very weakness and paucity of his Cabinet will be taken as a certificate of merit and a guarantee of swift decisions. His colleagues will be items in his personal procession, significant chiefly as symbols of how easily power passes from one class to another, and of how little the country reckons of tradition. The mass of the public neither knows nor cares for these details of political management. It longs for success, or for emergence from the shadow of failure, and divines with a certain truth of feeling that no such guide existed in the divided will and compromising tactics of the Coalition.

By this single test the new George Ministry will stand or fall. It is a leap in the dark. It has no party behind it—neither Toryism, nor Liberalism, nor Nationalism, nor (let there be no mistake about it) Labor. The House of Commons will yield its money, but hardly a blank cheque. The sensational press from which it drew its breath will foster its child or disown it as interest dictates, or according to its shallow reading of the terrible event in which the world and the Empire are involved. The new Government is likely to be poorly equipped in some of the elements of a right handling of the war—in knowledge, experience, and the mutual and intimate loyalties born of long and good leadership. Genius of a vital character, such as we may well hope Mr. George may develop, may overleap these obstacles of form and association. But his Administration will encounter one serious disability on the threshold of its existence. Its Chief possesses in a peculiar degree the confidence of men of all classes who talk about the war, but do not fight it. He is, we suppose, the elect of the man in the street. He is still more evidently the choice of the man in the club-window, the elderly well-to-do but largely retired class of *rentiers* and officials whose vision is more of the Britain that was than of that which is and is to come. But his more definite lack is the support of organized labor. Mr. George has endeavored to remedy this fatal flaw by a rapidly improvised deal with the Labor Party. Toryism and Socialism are to be joined; and the great trick-rider of our politics is to bestride these two horses, and guide them to some goal of social reconstruction. The policy of this strange alliance is industrial conscription. For the country's sake and his own, we hope that Mr. George will recognize that in this policy lurk perils of unconceived magnitude,

and that his main reliance must be on the persuasiveness which once made him a great figure in democracy. Mr. Asquith might have imposed forced industrial service; Mr. George cannot.

We will make a further reservation. The new Government is not brought in to make a peace. Peace must issue from a deeper call to the needs of the nation and Europe than can be heard to-day, and from a finer resort to its intelligence and conscience than Mr. George can supply. His Ministry has had a somewhat violent and heedless birth. But a great cause is committed to its keeping, and we hope it will be prudently sustained. Mr. George will be his own Premier; he will do well not to be his own Commander-in-chief. We suppose his War Council of four can now disappear. Like the fishing-net which hung above the Cardinal's chair, and reminded all men of his humility and pride in his simple origin, it has caught the fish for the aspiring Pope. Having got one swiftly-deciding man of action at the head of affairs, the country may be invited to say that the muzzle devised for Mr. Asquith may be removed, and the head of a British Cabinet be allowed to govern it. The new Prime Minister will decide the general policy of the war on the advice of the military and naval chiefs. Grave will be his responsibility if he counters that advice on points in which the considered views of our best strategists have been concentrated in the findings of the General Staff. Mr. George has the genius of improvisation, and we shall not belittle it; but all Germany's greater strokes of war have been the fruit of long calculation; and method and knowledge are the true constituents of the soil in which they grew. So long as these are lacking we may change our Governments as we will, but we shall not win the war.

GERMANY'S LAST RESERVE.

THE military position of Germany would seem to give her every reason for contentment, if not for assurance. Yet her behavior is not that of a contented or a happy Power. Take the Patriotic Auxiliary Service Bill. It is an arresting document. Most people have assumed that Germany had already mobilized all her resources. The re-examination of previously rejected men was in full swing in the autumn of 1915. Employers were warned not to ask for the exemption of men passed even for garrison duty, but to secure substitutes. Women's work has been used to an extraordinary extent, both in engineering shops and on railways. Unproductive occupations have been reduced to such a pitch that licences are necessary for the purchase of new clothes. In the face of this pitiless and universal subordination of the individual to the State, the yield of the Act would seem to be much less striking than its political bearing. Strikes are precluded by it, and dangerous citizens can be effectively gagged. Anyone being a male between the ages of seventeen and sixty, may be sent anywhere, to undertake any work, apparently on any terms. That is the gist of it, though certain patriotic services are mentioned. Businesses may be shut down by the removal of the necessary labor to war industry, the fields, the hospitals, or to undertakings directly or indirectly of importance for the conduct of the war or the existence of the people. The War Office of the Prussian Ministry of War has control of the measure, and its powers are practically unlimited.

But when we examine the yield of the Act we enter a region of doubt and bewilderment. All male Germany becomes a slave to the War Office, and the women may be put under the same power later. Yet the explanation

appended to the Act does not suggest that very much will become of it. Even with the "strength of the whole people" at its call, the gain chiefly claimed from it is regimentation and uniformity. It is the *mode* of service, even the manner in which indirect war work has been done, that is to be changed. And to realize this is to appreciate that, so far as the wording of the Act goes, it is the marginal element that is involved. There is no suggestion of any great yield. The unofficial enthusiasts expect a vast increase in the output of munitions, and a considerable addition to the field armies. The Act itself merely suggests that the Home Army can be strengthened "considerably" (and then proceeds to enlarge upon the benefits of rigid uniformity and regulation), and that at many parts at home and in the occupied territories men liable for auxiliary service may be suitable for substitution in place of men liable for military service. These, of course, are already not "effectives" for field fighting, but garrison troops; and therefore there is no gain to the effective fighting strength. And there is a suggestion that by such auxiliary service "a larger number" of men suitable for military service, but detained on war work or business, may be set free. This, again, is not an enthusiast's claim, and it is only intelligible when we bear in mind that, according to the best information available, the irreducible minimum of fit men was long ago reached. There are kinds of work which can only be done by the able-bodied. There are other kinds which are the work of experts. In both cases a limit is reached beyond which necessary work simply cannot be done if the workers are still further depleted. Mr. Belloc states that the number has already been reduced to 600,000, and if that be the case it is difficult to see how it can be reduced any more. The minimum was put at more than double that figure two years ago. What, then, is the effect of the Act? There can be no doubt that it is a great political instrument. It may be that it will be the last straw. A nation must be more entirely docile than we imagine even Germany to be to put up with the arbitrary tyranny this Act of industrial conscription can be made to cover. It marks the determination of official Germany to stake its last resources, and we shall do well to regard it in that light. Its effect is not negligible; but it is difficult to see any decisive military importance in it.

There is something more tangible in the news of the German successes in Roumania. The campaign, at the third throw, has yielded distinct results. Bukarest has fallen, and with it some two-thirds of Wallachia will pass into German keeping. Roumania has a surplus of grain, and can export to the extent of about £18,000,000. She has vast oil-wells, and a great stock of cattle; and she produces beans and oil-seeds. Germany can now control the best of this grain and oil area. But it is reasonable to suppose that, with full warning, the bulk of Roumania's grain resources and oil stocks have been removed. There has been no rout. The retreat has been made at the Roumanians' own time, and the Roumanian Army has been under no military necessity to leave vast stores behind. Moreover, Germany will have to leave an army of occupation. This will naturally expect to live on the country. When it has been fed, how much will be left over until the next harvest for the enemy's 120,000,000 inhabitants? Germany alone imported over £20,000,000 of wheat in 1913. We may reasonably cross this item of food off the enemy's credit-sheet for the Roumanian offensive. There will probably be some capture of grain, but when the dearth is so great and the mouths so many, what can it be expected to do? The capture of the oil-wells is a distinct gain, and if the labor problem is susceptible of a radical change, it will

be a considerable help to Germany in the production of munitions. But in the end we suffer far more from Roumania's loss than the enemy gains by it. The moral and political results of his successes are the chief dividend he secures from his heavy outlay. And in the last resort equilibrium will be achieved, and then the real strain on Germany will begin.

RUSSIA AND THE STRAITS.

THE new Premier of Russia enters the politics of Europe and the Alliance with a reputation still to make. It is much too early to speculate whether his career will follow, in the internal policy of his country, the lines which we should expect from a member of the family which produced the dictator of the revolutionary epoch, and from a colleague of M. Stuermer. He has energy, and he speaks in a resolute tone. If it should be memorable for nothing else, his term of office will be noteworthy for the declaration with which it opens. At a moment when the military fortunes of the Alliance in general, and of Russia in particular, seem none too brilliant, it was a daring stroke to give to the aims of Russian policy their maximum definition. M. Trepoff has had three predecessors in his high office since the war began, but none of them, even when the Russian armies held Galicia and the Allied ships were bombarding the Narrows of Gallipoli, had ventured on a statement of war aims so precise and so large as this. He has reaffirmed the ambition, not merely of recovering Russian Poland for the Empire, but also of conquering the German and Austrian sections "within proper ethnographic boundaries in indissoluble union with Russia." We could wish that he had dwelt with the same precision and amplitude of phrase on the nature of the "freedom" reserved for this reunited Poland. That would have served the Allied cause better, both morally and materially, than a mere statement of the will to conquer. The Poles have heard the magic word "independence," and though the German offer is only a dubious word, it is a more high-sounding one than any which Russia has used. He went on to speak of the Turkish Straits, and here again he was more precise than his predecessors, both because he insisted on absolute "possession" and "sovereignty" at Constantinople, and also because he divulged for the first time officially what M. Miliukoff and others have said unofficially—that the Allies, in 1915, formally acknowledged Russia's "right" to possess Constantinople. The reason for this emphatic reassertion of both claims is sufficiently clear, when we recall the circumstances of his predecessor's fall. M. Stuermer's fall came about after the Duma had accused him of frittering away the confidence of the Allies: in plain words, he was suspected of desiring an early and perhaps a separate peace with Germany. M. Trepoff was his colleague, and, in domestic politics at least, an exponent of the same school of thought. He seems in this speech to be clearing himself of any possible misconception. "So far," he seems to say, "am I from desiring an early peace with Germany, that I here and now, with the utmost publicity, demand two things which Germany will never grant until she is beaten to her knees." To take Posen and Constantinople means going on until the "knock-out blow." From another angle, the speech seemed to be addressed to the whole Alliance. "If we are all to go on as before, East and West together," so we might read the speech, "you now know the Russian terms. We must all go on until the Cossacks are in Breslau, and the cross floats on St.

Sophia. There shall be no separate peace, but equally there must be no whittling away of our war-aims."

This is plain-dealing, and though M. Trepoff is no democrat, his frankness is infinitely preferable to the secrecy of a more conventional diplomacy. We do not doubt (though it is said that the speech was coldly received) that the new Premier has greatly improved his own prospects in Russia by the declaration about Constantinople. The traditional Russian ambition was never so much alive in Russia, and oddly enough, what was a generation ago the dream of the Slavophiles and the reaction, has become to-day the policy, above all, of the Liberals. The belief that the question was urgent was already articulate in Russia some months before the war. The Japanese war and the Anglo-Russian Agreement had turned the course of Russian expansion from the Far and Middle East to the Near East. A period of financial prosperity, military reorganization, and complete, though stifling, tranquillity at home, had brought a new sense of power and national unity. Two definite events turned attention to the Straits. One of them was their partial closure for some days at two moments of the Italian and Balkan Wars, when the Turks feared a naval attack at the Dardanelles. The other was the consolidation of German influence at the Porte, the arrival of General Liman von Sanders and his military mission, and the fortification of the capital under their direction. Russian publicists had begun to repeat, even before the Serajevo murders, the old saying of Skobelev, that "the road to Constantinople lies through Berlin." The recent history of the question is still obscure. German spokesmen are now declaring that for some years before the war neither Germany nor Austria would have opposed a peaceful settlement on the lines of the neutralization of the Straits. But on what terms? It is only intelligible and human that Russia now insists on a settlement, and wills, after such an outpouring of blood and treasure, that it should be final and unambiguous. She wants freedom of exit for her own trading and war vessels. She wants more than that: the ability to prevent the entry of the ships of other Powers. She asks, in short, that the Black Sea shall be her *mare clausum*. Suggestions of international settlements do not interest her. She wants no scrap of paper. She will feel that the Straits are her secure road when her guns command them from both shores. Behind these realistic demands, there is, moreover, the romantic dream, so dear to Dostoevsky's heart, of possessing the Imperial City of the Caesars, and planting the cross on the dome of St. Sophia. The war has presented two sharply antithetical alternatives. Constantinople, it is said, must be either Russian or German. We are so far at one that we agree that it must not be German.

How far is the question still open to reasonable debate? M. Trepoff tells us that Britain, France, and Italy have concluded an agreement which "established in the most definitive fashion the right of Russia to the Straits and to Constantinople." Precise as these words are in one respect, they are still vague in another. One can divine the conditions in which this agreement was drafted. It was hoped that the ill-starred adventure of the Dardanelles would end in a few weeks or months by the arrival of the Anglo-French Fleet before Constantinople itself. Russia naturally wanted to know what the fate of Constantinople would be in that event, and she was assured that it would be hers. An agreement of that sort in those conditions was eminently natural. But since the Allied democracies have been told so much, they have a right to know more. A convention of this sort might take two forms. It might say that if

and when Constantinople is taken, the sovereignty of it shall pass to Russia. It might simply say that the Allies will oppose no objection to an eventual Russian annexation of Constantinople. Even in this form it would have been a large concession, for it would have forbidden us all to regard Constantinople as a piece to bargain with, if the war had been less prosperous in other fields. There is, however, another possible form which the Agreement may have taken. It may conceivably have pledged the whole Entente to go on fighting until Russia's ambition is realized. That is the form suggested by M. Trepoff's words. None the less it seems to us so wholly at variance with common prudence and the habits of diplomacy, that we refuse to entertain the suggestion, in default of evidence. If a whole series of similar agreements have been drafted in regard to Poland, the partition of Turkey, the Italian claims to the Adriatic coast, the Roumanian claim to the line of the Theiss, and, we suppose, French claims to the whole Reichsland, there is before the Entente a programme, very debatable in some of its items, which might well justify Lord Northcliffe's prophecy of another five years of war. That means the suicide of civilization, and before it meant that, it would mean also the revolt of the masses. None of these specific claims were mentioned in the formula with which Mr. Asquith rallied a peace-loving nation to the cause of the Allies, and the response, if he had said that we shall not sheathe the sword unless these various ambitions are realized, would not have been what it was. No Government would have the right to conclude such a bargain with the flesh and blood of its citizens, and we dismiss the idea that such a bargain exists. If Constantinople falls to the bow and spear of an Allied army, it will belong to Russia. But we cannot believe that there is any undertaking to fight until it is acquired.

The Pact of London must be loyally observed, but when the moment comes to inquire whether the essential purposes of the Alliance have been attained, the test of our success must not be whether this or the other stretch of territory has been conquered. We are fighting for the possibility of freedom and security in Europe, for the destruction of militarism and the inauguration of an era in which conference will replace force. For these ends we refuse to substitute the acquisition of strategic points and routes, and the partition of spheres of conquest. The essential element in the Russian demand for the Straits must be satisfied, but we believe it can readily be satisfied without literal possession, and without a war of annihilation. This is not a reluctant yielding to difficulty. On its merits we hold that the neutralization and disarmament of the Straits and the elimination of any exclusive military control of them, whether Turkish or German, is a better solution of this problem of communications than a Russian annexation. Precisely because it would be a "scrap of paper" we prefer it. We want to make a world in which paper is current coin. That is, indeed, for us the whole meaning of the war. If we cannot make treaties secure by international organization, our essential purpose will have suffered a defeat for which no conquests could compensate. The other solution violates nationality. It threatens freedom of trade both by the land route and by the sea route. Worse still, by establishing a great Empire at Constantinople, it would overshadow the whole life of the Balkan Peninsula. The German dream of a compact military Pan-Teutonic domination over Central Europe is a nightmare. But a compact Pan-Slavic Eastern Europe is not the necessary alternative. The situation contemplated by M. Trepoff, in which Russia, having won

the "sovereignty" of the Straits, would "grant freedom of navigation for the Roumanian flag," is not a liberal reading of the freedom of the seas. Such grants are made on terms, and they are apt to weigh hard on national independence. Freedom of navigation through all the world's narrows and canals must not depend on the grant of a single Power, but on an international guarantee. It is not merely from the endless bloodshed required to realize this ambition that we recoil. We believe that the form of freedom of navigation which can be secured by a negotiated peace is in itself a better and higher gain than a conquest which would be turned to strategical ends. The freedom of the Straits is an essential purpose of the Entente, because it is the pre-requisite of an enduring peace. So much we are morally bound to win for Russia.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

EXIT the Coalition; enter Jupiter-Scapin in charge of Jupiter-Tonans, of Fleet Street. There will, of course, be a George Cabinet; for the return of Mr. Asquith, save under the condition of the suppression of the Northcliffe Press, is impossible. A proposition was set up that he should serve in the George Cabinet as Lord Chancellor, but it could not have been seriously entertained. Mr. Asquith is a figure of note in the life of his country; it would be too insulting to suggest that he should accept deposition at the hands of one of his colleagues, and then be retained in ornamental service under him. The George Cabinet therefore will go through. It may be small, in itself a change for the good. The over-large Cabinet, with a long tail, merely led to the formation of the inner Cabinet, with its vices of secrecy and separately designed policy, in which the body as a whole had no part. It was on this bad system that Mr. George proposed to graft his War Council, again not an evil in itself. But the form he proposed was impossible. The exclusion of the Prime Minister put an end to Mr. Asquith's authority, and the four civilians he proposed (without, it seems, going through the formality of consulting them) strike one as almost equally unfitted to deal with their subject. But that was not all. Mr. George, as the "Times" leader of Saturday revealed, required a "reconstructed" Government from which Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. McKenna, were to be excluded, and in which he himself would be Foreign Secretary. Mr. Asquith was invited to become a shadow Premier in a Cabinet denuded of all power, and subject to a War Directorate, of which the new Foreign Minister would be the chief. It is ludicrous to pretend that he assented to such a proposal in any form of speech or writing, or that he would have been content with less than the Chairmanship of the War Council. His final decision was, of course, stiffened by the strong advice of his Liberal colleagues. His refusal was followed by Mr. George's resignation, from the form and substance of which, I imagine, the Unionists (with the exception of Mr. Bonar Law) dissented almost as strongly as the Liberals.

THE Coalition, therefore, has died of Mr. Lloyd George, who was its mortal ailment, superimposed on its inherent weakness of constitution. The final break-up was an almost total confusion. With the exception of Mr. Law, virtually the whole Cabinet sided with the Prime Minister on the issue presented in Mr. George's ultimatum. With his resignation, therefore, British

politics became a cleaned slate. Parties and their sustaining principles and modes of action existed no longer. The new Government might even find itself in office without the usual Whips, for it is said that not more than thirty Liberals support Mr. George in the Commons, and the Liberal section of the united Whips' office is entirely hostile. The Tory section may be equally out of action, unless Mr. George is able to add Lord Curzon, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Robert Cecil to a Cabinet which will in any case include Sir Edward Carson, Lord Derby, and Mr. Law. In that event, it must live from hand to mouth, from credit to credit, till it takes its life in its hands and appeals to an electorate from which the flower of the electors have been taken.

This is the situation. The second of our adventurer-Premiers would seem, therefore, to have the field to himself, strewn with the fallen idols of our politics. He can deal with all parties and yet be a slave to none. How delightful—and untrue! Mr. George is in bonds to a new master, the most dangerous of all. The press which made him can unmake; and a few brief hours before his accession it gave him warning of its intention to use him rather than be used. There is, therefore, not one irresponsible, but two irresponsibles; while over this light-minded union hovers an assemblage of problems and difficulties such as Napoleon himself never met. Mr. George has used his skill of arrangement in an extensive deal with the Labor Party, to be sealed with a large infusion of Labor members into his Government. But who can bind or loose the forces of organized labor? Probably Mr. MacDonald or Mr. Anderson is the nearest to its mind, and neither is in sympathy with Mr. George. If he finally rallies the Conservative Party, he will have found touch with one of the established forces to which a few short years ago nearly all power in politics was committed. But if Toryism is attached, how will Labor be retained? Are Socialism and Property to meet in a holy kiss, with a Limehouse benediction on the union? And if all these devices fail, the new Government may come to be made up of every loose fish that swims the seas.

CAN we, therefore, look to the George Government for stability? I think not. The initial stages are bound to succeed. The Cabinet will be formed, and will possess its points of attraction and interest, reflecting the rapidity and ready grasp of its contriver's mind. Here, as elsewhere, the mark of the Lloyd George administration will appear at once. It will be a Government of expedients. Everything and everybody will be approached; and if the war and the peace and the parties were all equally susceptible to a deal, and the Chief Dealer were a Pitt-Talleyrand, this warring world might be the better for his advent. The strain will come when the inherent toughness of things and their immense complications repel such treatment. Mr. George's task will be harder then than it is to-day, for the call will be for the higher arts of politics, and this ingenious, supple figure will be in competition with the best (and the worst) minds of Europe.

THE opening experiment should be the easiest of all, though the deal with Labor and all the deals with all the other sections and interests to be won may well disconcert it. This will be the small Cabinet, acting and organized as a Committee of Defence. For this purpose a Cabinet of Nine might suffice. It would consist of five Secretaries of State, the First Lord of the Admiralty, a

Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Lord Chancellor, and, say, a President of the Council. Every other department—Education, Local Government, Works, Board of Trade, Agriculture—could go into the outer darkness where Under-Secretaries dwell. That would not be a normal government of England. But it would suffice for the war, and might even become the basis of a better co-ordination of functions later on.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

HOW REASONABLE IS MAN?

"WHAT a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!" Man has always been prone to exaggerate the distance which divides him from other animals. Because his conscious life and his performances are much more complex than theirs, he is always apt to forget that the primary physical urges of self-preservation, nutrition, and sex, continue to be the moulding and stimulating forces in personal and social conduct. One incidental service of war-time is to humble our high intellectual and spiritual pretensions, and to force us to recognize how little way we have made towards a rational control or a supersession of "the mere life of instinct." To some it seems a terrible relapse into the lower level of unreason and brutality from which man had emerged. But to others it furnishes a crucial evidence that the development of European civilization has been fundamentally unsound in that it shows a complete failure to perform the elementary function of reason in directing the natural impulses of man towards self-preservation in the elaborate environment of modern life. For reasoning and the brain which conducts it were evolved as instruments of biological salvation and development, partly to supplement, partly to displace, the specific instincts which sufficed for lower animals. A society or a group of societies which cannot get enough effective rational control to preserve them from danger of physical dissolution had better lay the blame at the right door, and deplore, not the outbreak of animalism, but the incompetence of rationalism. Towards a better understanding of the nature of the trouble, Mr. W. Trotter has made a suggestive and valuable contribution in a book entitled "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War" (Fisher Unwin). He justly complains that psychologists and sociologists have given far too little attention to the study of man as a gregarious animal. Beyond some fragmentary interpretation of the "crowd" or the "mob" mind, and some consideration of phenomena of imitation and suggestion, little has been done towards an understanding of the primitive modes of animal co-operation regarded as origins of social institutions.

In his primitive condition, man was not political or social in our modern sense of these words. Gregariousness was enough for him in that stage of being. Like cattle, men moved in droves seeking common sources of food, avoiding common foes and having family attachments; like wolves they hunted in packs for the overwhelming of a prey; like beavers they made contiguous settlements in suitable places with the necessary corporate arrangements. How much "consciousness of kind" or active sympathy accompanied this early co-operation may be questioned. It may have been nearly as automatic and unconscious as the elaborate life of the bee-hive is supposed by some naturalists to be. But such practices

and feelings as it evoked are the raw material of all the higher sociability which has woven our elaborate human institutions. Mankind, brought up under such conditions, must necessarily evolve powerful tendencies to feel and act together instead of feeling and acting on separately generated impulses. And when thinking processes become more important the gregarious habit will seek to impose itself on thinking. And then the trouble begins. For a simple life of feeling and action in a fairly stable environment close instinctive co-ordination sufficed. Nonconformity or originality was weakening and embarrassing. The complex economy of the bee-hive seems to require implicit and accurate submission to the spirit of the hive. Gregariousness will do very well for a purely Conservative polity. Original minds, cranks, critics, and cantankerous persons, are merely a nuisance. The higher herd-mind would suffice for the working of a completely static Socialism, if such a thing could once be got into being.

This is, in fact, the ideal of many Utopias. Even Plato succumbed to the notion that myths might be imposed upon the general mind for the preservation of established order. But, as Mr. Trotter reminds his readers, gregariousness is by no means always a defensive instinct. It may be turned to aggressive violence. Sorel deliberately theorizes on the use of myths, or non-rational popular beliefs, in order to stir and to maintain the revolutionary violence of the masses. It is this double aspect of the return to instinct as a guide in life, of which thinkers like William James and Bergson have been the philosophic defenders, that has had the curious result of bringing orthodox religionists into the same anti-intellectual camp with social revolutionaries. Both seek to use instinctively derived or authoritatively imposed ideas, beliefs, and formulas, which they suppose to be the sole sources of power. The dogmatic phrases in which these non-rational judgments or opinions are conveyed acquire a sort of sanctity which does not attach to the results of clear reasoning or direct observation. "When, therefore, we find ourselves entertaining an opinion about the basis of which there is a quality of feeling which tells us that to inquire into it would be absurd, obviously unnecessary, unprofitable, undesirable, bad form, or wicked, we may know that that opinion is a non-rational one, and probably, therefore, founded upon inadequate evidence." Common experience bears this out. Everybody is aware that the opinions and beliefs which he most resents being put to question are precisely those for which he is secretly conscious he can give no satisfactory proof.

Now the unity and conformity of feeling, thought, and action, which this prevalence of irrational beliefs procures, though useful in a static society, is dangerous in a changing or progressive one. A broad, free, individual thinking upon precisely those fundamental notions and institutions, such as religion, sex, property, the State, which are the chief subjects of irrational belief, is in the modern world the chief condition, not merely of progress, but of social salvation. For the gregarious habit of mind becomes a positive and growing peril in a society called upon to make frequent and rapid adaptations to a swiftly changing and more complex environment. In public policy it means short views, "muddling through," and lack of co-ordination. Still more dangerous, it means the placing of the "normal" man in every seat of influence and authority, and the neglect of those variations which contain the seeds of progress.

"The actual mechanism by which society, while it has grown in strength and complexity, has also grown in confusion and disorder, is that peculiarity of the gregarious mind which automatically brings into the

monopoly of power the mental type which I have called the stable, and which ordinary opinion calls normal. This type supplies our most trusted politicians and officials, our bishops and headmasters, our successful lawyers and doctors, and all their trusty deputies, assistants, retainers, and faithful servants. Mental stability is their leading characteristic, they 'know where they stand,' as we say; they have a confidence in the reality of their aims and their position, an inaccessibility to new and strange phenomena, a belief in the established and customary, a capacity for ignoring what they regard as the unpleasant, the undesirable, and the improper, and a conviction that, on the whole, a sound moral order is perceptible in the universe and manifested in the progress of civilization."

But it is not only the powerful governing classes that suffer from this survival of gregariousness, the mass-mind in the labor or the general democratic movement is subject to the same infirmity. The wonderful display of unreflecting comradeship, the community of effort and self-sacrifice, the fidelity to class and trade, exhibited in a great strike or in some great act of political revolt, reveal the same instinct, though here applied not to the maintenance of the existing order, but to its overthrow. But in both cases the radical defect is the same, the distrust, hatred, and suppression of clear thought, reasoned policy, and calculated tactics, and the refusal to entrust leadership to the abnormal type of man possessing these capabilities. This defect is perhaps even more disastrous in the forces which regard themselves as progressive, or even revolutionary, than in those of social order. For after the war is over, in this country as elsewhere, re-organization will be imposed as a necessity. Now re-organization may, speaking broadly, take one of two shapes, an enlargement of the functions and a tightening of the authority of the existing State and its powerful satellites for the better conservation and utilization of the resources of the nation, or a large movement towards the making of a real democracy, industrial as well as political. To those who see in this great choice the strangling or the liberation of democracy, it will seem of paramount importance that the great awakening of the war should arouse in the masses of the people a clear perception that the forces of class discontent are now and for ever futile without conscious direction, and that such direction demands a quality of thought, a tough-mindedness, from which the people have hitherto shown themselves averse. In order to achieve any measure of success, in order to save democracy, the problem must be solved of combining the individual powers of critical intelligence and skilled direction with those of class feeling and revolutionary fervor. It is, of course, but one form of the issue which confronts humanity in every department of life, that of reconciling the claims of unity and diversity, order and progress, discipline and self-assertion. But for those who would rescue our infant democracy from the Herod of a Prussian State which threatens to destroy it, the claims of reason and conscious direction in the counsels of the people have a greater urgency than ever.

THE CLOCK GOES BACK.

THOUGH woman is supposed to be tied to the wheel of a less enviable lot, tradition says that man need be only as old as he feels. When the good things of present bad days are collected, the mass will not be small, and one of the good things will be the rejuvenescence of myriads of individuals who were sinking lymphatically towards extreme age. Since the species is composed of individuals, that must necessarily mean the rejuvenescence of the race. The maiden of nineteen stands with reluctant feet, where the brook and river meet; the man, or shall we say the lad of forty-one, is on the brink of a further confluence, and knows that it is of little use to be

reluctant. Then comes a preposterous hope, and to our amazement the promise of at least a spasm of wild new boy's life is fulfilled. The quatuoragenarian skips and runs and leaps with the juveniles, and finds to his amazement that he was not a back number.

If the new life lasts even a short time, two years, six months, we would almost say a week, it amounts to so large a re-climbing of the hill that it would, in the least case, be a thing to be greatly glad of. Many can testify that the miracle can go even further than the Act of Parliament or Order pretends to take it. These are the shameless ones, who lop off as much as a decade from the false verdict of Time, and brazen it out with the sergeant and doctor (willing to be deceived) that they, too, are called to the pool whose troublesome angel is Mars. Every one of them is right and Parliament is wrong in supposing that the whole gamut of human life can be classed by one tape-measure. The under-fed, under-breathed, never-exercised factory worker may be too old at forty-two, as he was too old, perhaps, at thirty-two, and a hard case at twenty-two. But another man, who exercised the finer muscles round the age of adolescence, and who has been privileged to breathe the air of mountains and walk well upon the hills in regular annual holidays, can, as it has just been discovered, go back to the weapons he once forged, brighten them up, and be better off than the rusted youth who is, for all his youth, an old dog trying to learn new tricks.

It stands. The former volunteer, if he drilled long ago, has a few things to unlearn, as the man who drills for the first time has many habits to undo. Drill is not complete till the response of the soldier to the word of command is instinctive, spontaneous, reflex. The pre-Haldane recruit offers now and then a striking example of that. Though he has not been drilled for thirty years, his response to the command, "Stand at ease" is precisely the opposite of that which the sergeant of to-day looks for, because long ago that is how he learnt it. The unlearning of that little detail is his hardest task. Thereafter he builds up his pyramid of squad, section, platoon, battalion procedure far more rapidly than younger, untrained men. At physical drill he unlocks old treasures, brushes the rust from them, and seems to get on as fast as any. The incredulity of the youngsters as to the expediency of calling up such antediluvians imperceptibly subsides, and the bald-headed recruit is accepted on his merits. There is a cosmopolitanism of age as there is one of race. A soldier is a soldier according to his deeds, and not according to his antecedents. That is the rule of the rank and file, at any rate, and if there are countries where officers are viewed from a different standpoint, there will not long be such among the hierarchy of fighting nations.

From fifty to twenty is a big step. In rare cases circumstances help to an even larger miracle. The recruit goes up to headquarters in the same old town that witnessed his schooldays. After school (or drill) he rushes off to the same old tuck shop where the same old dainties offer the same old lure, and are consumed by a dyspeptic of last month with the same old impunity. He walks the old downland walk where on Sunday afternoons (it is Sunday now) he attended roll-call and walked "in crocodile." The far, deep view of the river delights him more than ever, and he finds to his surprise, that it is, indeed, one of the finest views in the world. So many of our childish memories are dispelled by later proof that this brave exception adds to the wonderful alchemy that has already done so much.

He goes to church, and hopefully looks among the choir boys for the sons of old school-fellows. There is our old *vis-à-vis* in a celebrated fight. That little angel has the unsymmetric eyebrows that our old desk-neighbor

had, and another delights us by turning to a fellow-cherub with a look that says, "See this and do it if you can," then ruffles the scalp to and fro like a door-mat sea. Yes, he must be the son of one who long ago convulsed us all by doing the very same thing. But stay. Arithmetic tells us that he must be the grandson. Bother arithmetic. He is old Reeve himself, and it is to the recruit to whom he should have addressed that provokingly superior look, and that provokingly unique performance. If the recruit could catch his eye he would retaliate by twitching his left eye like a dog. That is the reply he always made to old Reeve. But the boy is a fool like the rest, and conceives the recruit to be an old foggy. He is not an old foggy, but a babe new born, and Mars is his progenitor.

THE TRENCH JOURNAL.

No doubt it springs from the same desire as possessed the cave-man when he scratched lines upon such bones as he could not devour, and the same desire as possessed Milton when he wrote, or Raphael when he painted. The desire is common enough; it must be almost co-extensive with mankind. But still it is remarkable how many men who never wrote or drew before have taken to writing or drawing since they were soldiers. It may be that for the first time in their lives they enjoy hours of unoccupied leisure, with a fair certainty of food before them, and free from the distractions of pigeon-flying, whippet-racing, and "the Cup." Or it may be that art of one kind or another is the shortest way out of the barrack, camp, or trench, just as drink is the shortest way out of Whitechapel. At all events, the number of papers and magazines written and illustrated by soldiers for soldiers (just as there was once a paper "written by gentlemen for gentlemen," and there have since been others written by other classes for other classes) has been very noticeable since the war began.

We have before us copies of about forty, carefully collected by someone who proposes presenting them to the nation to rank among the memorials of the war, as they certainly should. Many are written in the trenches, and printed close behind the lines; at least, we suppose so, for they are compelled to break the law by having no printer's name or place of printing, not even "somewhere in France." Probably they are set up in leisure moments when the printers at the Intelligence Office of some Headquarters have no intelligence to communicate. Others are issued from English camps, and a few from the prisoners' "cages." None have reached us from Mesopotamia, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that in that old Garden of Eden our men live either under a second Deluge or in a broil of sweat. But it is rather strange that the Salonika forces appear not to have produced a paper of their own, in spite of a year's comparative inactivity. We mean a real soldiers' paper. They have a thing called the "Balkan News," edited for many months by a lady whose personal charm secured a circulation, but whose idea of journalism was to take the news from the Greek and French papers of the previous day and fill in with long extracts from the "Nineteenth Century" of many years ago, "which," as she would innocently remark, "cannot fail to be of interest to our readers under the present circumstances." The result was that "L'Opinion" and other papers, whether pro-Ally or pro-German, in that crazily neutral city, beat her every morning, like the sun, and ultimately mere journalists were brought out of the Army to take her place, though devoid of her charm. But though copies of the "Balkan News" are included in the collection before us, it is not in any sense a soldiers' paper like the

other forty or more. It is no more a soldiers' paper than the "Daily Mail" or "Daily News."

We reach the real thing when in our collected bundle we come upon "The Brazier," printed at the front in France for the 16th Canadian Scottish; "Honk!" the organ of the Australian Ammunition Park in the field; "The Listening Post," written by the 7th Canadian Infantry Battalion "to break the trench monotony"; "The Dead Horse Gazette," which represents the aspirations of the 4th Battalion, 1st Canadian Contingent; "The Growler," of the 14th Canadians; "The Iodine Chronicle" of the Canadian Field Ambulance; "The Kookaburra," of the Australian Training Corps in Egypt; and the "Anzac Records Gazette" in Alexandria. So far we have mentioned Colonial papers, and only some of those, for indeed both Canadians and Australians seem to spout papers as wells spout oil, perhaps because broadsheets are not so familiar in the bush and backwoods as in Fleet-street. Nor must we forget the big "Anzac" magazine collected and put together in the dusty or dripping dug-outs of Anzac cliffs by those excellent correspondents, Captain Bean, of Australia, and Mr. Malcolm Ross, of New Zealand. The first idea was to call the magazine "The Anzac Annual"; but that was thought discouraging, and indeed the book only appeared at last in London, what time the Turkish shepherd was again browsing his flocks upon the bone-strewn heights of Chunuk Bahr, and delighting to find shelter in our caves.

So we have put the Colonials first, but the British and Irish papers are many. How subtle and allusive some of their titles are! The Dublin Light Infantry run "The Whizz-Bang"; the Bedfordshire run "The Mudlark"; the Middlesex Die-Hards run "Stand To!"; the 6th City of London Rifles run "The Castronical"; the Royal Fusiliers (with other regiments), "The Gasper," "The Last Gasper," and "The Pow-Wow," apparently in succession; a London Division of the R.E. runs "The Sappers' Solace"; the Norfolk Cyclists run "The Holy Boys' Chronicle"; the 3rd Battalion of Queen Victoria's Rifles runs "Poison Gas"; the A.S.C. have various organs, such as the "Pennington Press" or "P.P." of Kent, "The Open Exhaust," and the "718," in which the A.S.C. M.T., 718 W.T. Company expresses its opinions. Time would fail (as orators say when they come near the end of their knowledge) to tell of the Manchester's "Sphinx," the Surreys' "Strafe," the Sussex' "Cinque Ports Gazette," or the "Singapore Searchlight" kindled by the R.E. Volunteers in that dark region.

It was to be expected that hospitals and medical service would be especially rich in soldier papers. For one thing, it is, after all, easier to write or draw beyond the range of bullets, and where even the noise of guns throbs distant. And then, besides, the paper is calculated to cheer the patients up, and upon sufferers from shell-shock a joke may have a counteracting effect. Of all the soldier papers or magazines we have seen hitherto, by far the best (and, we believe, one of the very earliest to start) is the "Gazette" of the 3rd London General Hospital at Wandsworth. Both for the writing and illustrations each number is admirable, and it is served by one or two comic draughtsmen for whose work alone the whole lot are worth keeping. "Wails of the Wounded" (Royal Free Hospital) and "The Worsley Wail" (Worsley Lancashire Hospital) falsely express their nature in their titles. And, again, we must not forget "The Thistle," an excellent Christmas number, issued last week on behalf of the Scottish Women's Hospitals, although it is not strictly a soldiers' paper, being made up of contributions from well-known writers

and artists, not all of whom have been at the front or on active service anywhere.

There is always pathos in face of death, no matter how stoical a cheerfulness may be assumed, but we think the resolute cheerfulness of a prisoners' camp is even more pathetic than the trenches. In the collection we find four specimens of prisoners' papers. First must come "The Döberitz Gazette," divided between English and French, Russians and Poles also claiming a page or two, so that within its covers one may study the characteristics of four nations, all strongly marked. In all four sections, the most lamentable thing is the entire absence of external news and of reference to the war. Out of the German prisoners' papers we find a few numbers of the "Stobsiad" (organ of the camp at Stobs in Scotland), the "Camp Echo," a fortnightly issued by the prisoners at Douglas, and "Quousque Tandem!" perhaps the best printed and turned out of all the papers before us. It comes from the Knockaloe Prisoners' Camp, also in the Isle of Man. The tone of these German papers is grave, literary, artistic—pretty much what one used to mean by "cultured." They contain few jokes and little humor, unless imitations of Goethe and Nietzsche can be called humorous. In the "Camp Echo" we find "Ten Commandments for Camp." Think what irony and fun the British soldier would have put into those Ten Commandments! But the German is quite solemn. First Commandment, "Thou shalt observe the strictest (*peinliche*) cleanliness"; Second, "Thou shalt work with body and soul"; Third, "Thou shalt be amiable towards thy fellow prisoners"; and so on to the astonishing Tenth, "Beside thy material Welfare thou shalt keep the Ideal of thy Future always before thine Eyes."

These Commandments are followed by a note in which the editor says that the Camp Commandant has placed in the library two copies of "J'accuse" (the well-known attack by a German upon the Prussian system), and goes on to observe that "any prisoner may study this work without loss to his soul. A man who reads 'The Times' every day need fear nothing from this German's interpretation of history. He need not even hate him, for blessed are the poor in spirit." A condemnation the subtlety of which perhaps escaped the Camp censor.

But to return from German seriousness to the papers which the British soldier loves to write, or "to set down to" when he has time "to do a bit o' readin'." It is noticeable that they are all of the same character. In hardly any could you say there was a distinction or difference. Perhaps three in fifty rise markedly above the rest, like that 3rd London Hospital Gazette, which we mentioned. But nearly all are alike in wit, tone, form, and level. When the present writer was working at "The Ladysmith Lyre" under George Stevens, the genius of war correspondents, he soon found how difficult it was to get variety into the numbers, though excellent writers such as Lionel James, William Maxwell, and Stevens himself contributed, and Willie Maud, finest of draughtsmen, did the comic pictures. Somehow or other the soldier readers seemed to fix the form and character, never allowing it to vary much. So in this collection, one always comes upon the comic story, the sentimental verse, the news of local sports, and the allusive series of "Things we should like to know," in which criticism of privates, sergeant-majors, and even of adjutants finds a delicate and perilous scope. We can imagine the German professor of some distant age wading through these papers in the British Museum, doggedly expounding the allusive jests, and at last deducing his carefully "documented" treatise upon "The character of

the British Soldier during the Great War as illustrated by His Literature." Well, he will nowhere discover that simple and serious rhetoric to be found in the French soldier papers, such as "L'Echo des Guitounes," with which the 144th Regiment of the Line recruits its heart; nor will he discover a Commandment ordering the Briton to keep the Ideal of his Future always before his Eyes, equally with his material Welfare.

Short Studies.

TWO SCENES.

For a day and a night and another day rain fell on Suvla as it never falls at home. The storm came raging up from the south-west with terrific gusts of wind. Even at noon the sea was dark, black, but the foaming crests of the waves were blown off as they rose, and swept like particles of white glass over the surface. Sea and sky met in grey obscurity. Only once a break in the tempest revealed the purple base of Imbros, past which the rain marched rapidly in successive columns. Against the jagged rocks of the northern point—the Biyuk Kemikli—of the bay, the sea crashed violently, flinging the spray in sheets across the thin promontory, though the cliff on the further side falls two hundred feet sheer into the Gulf of Xeres. Of the further ravined and precipitous hills upon the Gallipoli peninsula no trace could be discerned.

The little piers, so carefully constructed for supplies and reinforcements, were dashed to pieces. The lighters and trawlers anchored beside them sank or were driven on the rocks. By the second day, the sandy semicircle between the promontories was littered with their wreckage. The horses and Indian mules struggled against the picket ropes in their lines, or stood patiently to drown, the yellow water rising slowly above their bellies. Officers sat crouching in their rocky huts and shelters, while the rain poured in spouts upon camp-beds, tables, stores, and quaggy floor. The men cowered under projecting rocks, upon ledges scooped along the sides of trenches, or in holes covered with thorny scrub. Now and then a miserable figure drifted from one quarter to another, lashed by the wind; and sometimes a cart with supplies or ammunition set out for the front lines along the obliterated road, the water surging and splashing round the wheels as in a river, until the men could go no further, and returned.

In the evening of the second day, some embankment or dam, probably thrown up by the Turks across the steep slope leading up to Kiretch Tepe, gave way, and in a tumultuous torrent the water swept down to the shore, along open ravines crowded with dug-outs and men. In its course it bore with it the bodies of Turks and English, helplessly mingled in the savagery of nature. There they lay, caught in the bushes, tossed into holes, coated with mud and slime, like short sections of tree-trunk drifted down a lumber river in the States.

After that it seemed that the storm had done its worst, and suddenly its rage abated. Within an hour the wind swung round to the north, blowing from Thrace and the mouth of the Maritza. The rain ceased, the sky cleared, and, with a hard, white lustre, the stars shone out. Almost at once the sea subsided, and gradually the mountain torrents ceased to swirl and gurgle. Men came out, and like dogs, shook the heavy water from their coats. "Thank God, that's over!" they said, and began to plod about their duties in freezing mud.

It was freezing, and with every hour of the night the frost grew more intense, the white lustre of the stars more vivid, except when thin snow-clouds swept across them and snow fell suddenly in blinding squalls. Ice formed upon the pools. As the men stamped along the trenches, it crackled and broke into sharp edges and spikes around their knees. Puttees froze hard to the legs. The sodden overcoats froze stiff as iron plates. Even the drenched shirts and breeches froze. Gloves and mittens bit into the

hands, their edges cutting through the skin. Fingers were so benumbed that the men in the front trenches could not squeeze the triggers of the rifles, and firing ceased. The slope which falls precipitously from the rocky knife-edge of Tiretch Tepe down to the Gulf of Xeres shore was most exposed to the frost and north wind. At the foot of this slope an elaborate scheme of trenches, called the Boot, had been advanced close to the Turkish lines. Here, at the first light of morning, English and Turks stood upon their parapets and stared at each other without firing a shot. Overwhelmed by common misery, they ceased to think of killing. They were like children drawn together by the terror of a cruel master. Two hundred of the English died of cold that night. A thousand were taken off to the hospital ships, incapacitated.

"And what temperature are *you* given?" asked the middle-aged Mr. Walker of the middle-aged Miss Henderson at his side.

Miss Henderson rather dreaded the hotel dinner, because this question was invariably put, and it did not seem to her quite delicate. However, she braced herself to it, and answered as usual, "Only ninety-eight, because I have a slight affection of the heart."

"Ah, well," said Mr. Walker, "that would be no good for me. I can't get up a gentle perspiration under a hundred-and-two."

Miss Henderson braced herself still more, and said, "Really!" But she wished gentlemen would not discuss these subjects.

"Yes," Mr. Walker continued, "a gentle perspiration's the thing for me! The doctor was emphatic upon the point. After the bath I lie in hot pack for precisely twenty minutes, and the perspiration ensues. Then I cool down slowly, and read about the war in the 'Times.'"

"The war's going rather well, isn't it?" said Miss Henderson, taking her opportunity of escape.

"Oh, yes, the war's all right," Mr. Walker answered; "the only thing that annoys me is the bar they put across one's chest to keep one down in the brine, you know. I declare it has quite bruised my flesh—quite bruised my flesh!"

To Miss Henderson's relief, reflecting on his sufferings, Mr. Walker sank into abstracted meditation. But all down the table she heard the conversation to which even three weeks at the Baths had hardly accustomed her: "What temperature do *you* take?" "Have you tried a douche on the part affected?" "I like the needle-bath applied to every part of the body." "It's the radium works upon the internal organs." "Don't you find the water makes your skin feel slimy?" "The barber tells me that the perspiration conduces to the growth of the hair." These remarks were old every evening. So, trying the other subject, she asked the venerable Dean upon her left if he saw any likelihood of peace.

"Peace?" he answered, sternly. "Peace is our greatest danger!"

"To mention the word peace should be made a capital offence," said the lady who had been in Cairo, toying with her string of pearls.

"To mention peace is treachery to our noble dead," said an old gentleman, who, by acknowledged right, always took the head of the table because he had a title. He looked down over his shirt-front, which swelled like a pouter pigeon. He looked upon the slices of mutton, the red currant jelly, and various vegetables on his plate. Then he continued, "Our noble dead! I have given three sons to my country."

There ensued the solemn pause which always followed this observation. When first the titled gentleman came, he said he had given one son, but his sacrifices had since increased.

As usual, the Dean, after due interval, solemnly responded: "It is to me a subject of the deepest regret that, being celibate, I am unable to give a son. Such giving is a sacrifice of the highest type."

"Talking of types," said a new comer, "the modern Abraham doesn't find a ram caught in the wire entanglement as a substitute for his son."

The interruption was irregular. The lady who had been in Cairo broke the awkward pause by asking the new-comer whether *he* had given a son.

"Oh no," was the answer. "My son's a baby, and, unhappily, I'm young enough to go out again myself as soon as I'm fit. I only hope that if the war's still going on when my son grows up, the Isaacs will have the good sense to offer up the Abrahams, instead of the other way about."

At this remark the titled gentleman, the Dean, and all the middle-aged glowered at the new comer as bullocks glower at a dog which has entered their field.

H. W. N.

Music.

MOZART ON THE STAGE.

(A SUGGESTION.)

THERE can be few stranger experiences, for those who can never lose consciousness of what is going on in the world in these days, than to sit for a few hours and witness the performance of a Mozart opera, such as is included in the repertoire at the Aldwych Theatre. In the background of one's mind, ever present, never forgotten, is the consciousness of that apparently unending turmoil and death, those violent scenes by sea and land which some of us have witnessed with our own eyes; and in the foreground are those childish scenes and pretty dramatic entanglements, dead and old-fashioned as a faded photograph of the 'fifties; with the heavenly singing music that never grows old, and that blows like a faint breath from the morning of life, binding all together as in a framework of steel and diamonds.

There is perhaps nothing more absurdly remote from anything called by the name of dramatic art than the stage performance which accompanies, let us say, the music of "Il Seraglio." Even Mozart did not venture to call it an opera, but a "Komisches Singspiel"; and indeed it is but a ridiculous stringing together of all those artificial situations, the heavy, dusty stage jokes, the worn and shabby devices for producing laughter that are the theatrical associations of the word "comic." Yet the music is so delicious, so sane and satisfactory in its formal beauty, so tonic in its fresh simplicity, that in this time it has a quality of true entertainment to many people who have little heart for the artistic utterances at the moment.

Sir Thomas Beecham has done so much to keep opera, old and new, alive through these difficult times that, perhaps ungratefully and unreasonably, one would wish him to do a little more. In this matter of Mozart he has given us a generous inch; and we are promptly moved to demand an ell. The performance of the music, while it does not pretend to reach the level of elaborate festival productions, is generally all that reasonable people could desire. In his firmament of singers there are no stars; but there is a great reflected light from the beauty and spirit of the music. Moreover, he has provided a stage setting which is distinctly modern and refreshing in its boldness of design and coloring. What one asks is that he should carry his achievement a little further, and try to breathe into the dead bones of the stage performance something of the spirit of life that there is in the music. The festival performances at Munich and Vienna went a considerable way towards making these operas of Mozart congenial to a modern audience. They were based, both in musical and dramatic treatment, on Wagner's reverent and intelligent efforts in that direction. But with all that we have learned since then, and all that an improved and sincerer taste has taught us, it should be possible now to go farther. To put it frankly, this antique stage nonsense should be banished altogether. It was always of a bad kind; it was never good of its kind; and now that kind has, or ought to have, become well nigh intolerable. All the humor that is wanted is in the music itself, and stage jokes in the spirit of modern musical comedy do

not help it. What is wanted is a recasting of the whole stage accompaniment to the music (for that really is all that it is), so that while the little silver river of music flows on, the eye shall have pleasant colors to rest upon, and a dramatic movement of figures furnished to explain the very simple story which is provided as an excuse for pleasant tunes and songs. But all the action must be thrown back, and the music itself kept in the foreground. Anything in the nature of realism brings one down with a thump from the world into which, for a time, we are lifted with Mozart. It surely should be possible, by means of tableaux and pantomime taking place behind gauze veils or in shadowy lighting, to connect the situations which are actually expressed in the songs; and when the songs begin, all action as it is understood on the stage should cease, and let the music speak for itself. In this way the representation would consist (as the music does) of moments of dramatic emotion crystallized and arrested. Then when a musical number began, time should cease with us, and the material world be turned, as it were, into stone; and when the music ended, the spell would be released, Time would pick up his step again, and the pantomime of shadows and movement that are so true a symbol of Time resume their dance until the music should again arrest it.

This is only a suggestion; but it is on some such lines, not at all costly or difficult of achievement to modern technique, that these old masterpieces, so eternally youthful and sympathetic in spirit, so preposterous and old-fashioned and alien in their dress, might be enabled to shed their joy continually on the generations that pass and come again.

FILSON YOUNG.

Letters to the Editor.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Both Mrs. Claremont and Mr. Rowntree, in criticizing my letter, say that I evidently do not understand what it is that the American League to Enforce Peace proposes to do. This is rather hard, seeing that I state it specifically in a footnote and argue on this basis. The proposal, expressed shortly, is that the participating nations shall agree (1) that before resorting to war they will submit a dispute to an international body; (2) that they will unite to make war on any nation which (when its opponent is willing) refuses so to submit a dispute.

Mrs. Claremont states that the question here involved "must be a simple issue beyond controversy." But is it? Is there no considerable doubt both as to what will constitute a refusal to submit a dispute to an international body, and as to what will constitute a resort to arms? Thus, for instance, is it a refusal to say that you are willing to submit your dispute on certain conditions, or provided certain other questions are also submitted at the same time? Again, is a declaration of war, or complete mobilization, or sending a battleship to the scene of dispute to be the test of a resort to arms? This is not hair-splitting as to words; it is a difference of interpretation of fact. If the full bearing of these possibilities be thought out, it will be found that when the diplomatists of the two contending nations are anxious to win the approval of the other members of the League, they will have plenty of opportunity to make the issue doubtful.

To overcome this doubt there will have to be some conversations or a Conference between the nations. Mrs. Claremont confuses this Conference with the Court of Arbitration or Council of Conciliation, and assumes that it will consist of certain permanent jurists. More probably it will be an *ad hoc* Conference, and will consist of specially chosen national representatives. But whatever its composition, it still remains true that no Government would be likely to trust the whole issue of war and peace to the unfettered discretion of its representative, however eminent and however chosen. It would certainly give him his instructions, which would depend on its own reading of the facts and its own inclinations in the matter.

Mrs. Claremont further argues that if the League comprises most of the leading nations, the danger of having recourse to arms to support the principles of the League will not be great. This surely rules out of account the likelihood of a combination of a group of Powers. Suppose, for instance, the Central Powers of Europe were to agree jointly to defy the principles of the League, I would not envy the position of a little country like Holland pledged to play its part in enforcing them. Or again, suppose that the United States of America, under a less wise President than Wilson, were to adopt high-handed action in Mexico, is it seriously maintained that England, France, and Germany would embark on a quixotic enterprise which would deluge two continents in blood in the futile attempt to coerce America?

All this, I know, is merely destructive criticism, but there is a positive and constructive side to the attitude of those who think with me on this matter. We are not in the least disconcerted when Mr. Rowntree laughs at us and says we believe in peace, but do not want to see it enforced, because we hold that peace is just one of the things which cannot be enforced. It has to be based on consent and strengthened and developed by mutual intercourse between nations. We are not content to have international machinery merely for settling disputes, we want other, democratic, machinery for promoting common interests. Just as a Divorce Court judge is apt to form a low opinion of matrimonial relations, and an English magistrate in India may not do justice to the character of the Indian people, so nations will form a wrong view of one another if their only points of contact are matters of dispute between them.

We believe that the only real security for peace is the public opinion of the civilized world, enlightened by the findings of international tribunals and operating through all forms of international relationships other than coercion. The effect of such a public opinion, if it were anything like unanimous among the peoples not directly engaged in the dispute, would be enormous. It would stimulate the morale of the nation whose cause was just; it would correspondingly depress the morale of the other nation, and stiffen the opposition of the minority of persons within it who were resisting the action of their own government. Further than this, it would deprive the offending nation of every kind of succor for the prosecution of the war, thereby rendering it almost helpless under the conditions of a war of the future.

In conclusion, let me say that though we are not ashamed to be dreamers who dream of a world in which armies and navies will no longer exist, we are not so foolish as to suppose that this is the world of to-day. We recognize with regret that nations are likely for many years to come to rely upon their armed forces and to use them to coerce defaulting nations. What we object to is the proposal to pledge nations in advance to make war under certain unforeseen contingencies. We believe this to be a step backward and not a step forward in the direction of that harmonious international relationship which we call peace.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

87, Clement's Inn, W.C.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A month ago the principle of the League of Nations had been accepted, first, by the United States, then by England, and finally by Germany. Now this principle has been again endorsed by telegrams from Lord Grey, M. Briand, and the German Chancellor, and thus another step has been taken towards the realization of the Partnership of Nations to the attainment of which Mr. Asquith during the earlier months of the war so fervently dedicated our struggle.

What will be the next step? It is possible, some say it is probable, that President Wilson will invite the representatives of the belligerents to a conference to endeavor to reach a settlement by negotiation. What will be our attitude in face of such a momentous event? Will Lord Robert Cecil say he does not care? Or will there be statesmen to represent that growing number of thinking and feeling Englishmen to whom the refusal of such an invitation would be a crime against humanity unsurpassed

in this war's long list of crimes? Was not Germany's crime the refusal of a conference in 1914?—Yours, &c.,
M. E. BURNS.

35, Downshire Hill, Hampstead, N.W.
December 6th, 1916.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The "Morning Post" of November 20th published the following: "The announcement that President Wilson intends to invite the belligerents to send representatives to a conference at Washington, where all parties would present their minimum demands, in order to prepare the way for a second conference at which the real peace negotiations would be discussed, has caused much excitement in Vienna."

I do not want to offer any opinion as to the correctness of the above report, though some American papers assert that in the near future President Wilson will take some such action. But I should like to call attention to the very valuable suggestion contained in the report, and to ask what our attitude should be if such a proposal is made.

In the first place, the objections to immediate peace negotiations would not hold against the suggested conference. Fighting would go on, and no military disadvantage to the Allies would be involved. Secondly, the conference would give to the Allies the opportunity of making quite clear to Germany on what points she must give way before she can hope for the final stage of actual peace negotiations. Thirdly, the fact that conversations had begun, and the knowledge that they could lead to nothing unless Germany was prepared to relinquish all unjust claims, must encourage the Progressive movement in Germany, which has already, apparently, had strength enough to force the Chancellor to relinquish the idea of annexing Belgium, and to endorse the general principle of the peaceful settlement of future international disputes.

What, then, should be our attitude when President Wilson makes the suggestion of a conference? What should be the attitude of the leaders of capital and labor when a conference to put an end to a disastrous strike is suggested? Does not the public in that case demand that employers and strikers (even if neither side believe it can alter the principles upon which its terms are based)—should meet and state their conflicting views? Not necessarily with any expectation of immediate reconciliation, but to give to each side an opportunity for reflection upon its opponents' views, which might eventually modify the concrete embodiment of their principles, and lead to a *via media*. Such, surely, should be the attitude of this nation and of all the Allies if President Wilson were to put forward a suggestion which involved no military disadvantages, enabled us to state our concrete interpretation of universally-accepted principles, and encouraged that section of German opinion which might be of incalculable help to us in achieving the final destruction of German military domination.—Yours, &c.,

L. A. ENFIELD.

THE IRISH AND PRUSSIAN PROBLEMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The following paragraph is from the "Referee" of November 19th:—

"The Irish problem and the Prussian problem occupy our minds. For centuries, Celtic Irish have hated England, and will continue to hate us, because Irish harbors and communications are necessary to English existence. With English Sea-Power we could suspend or reduce Irish representation at Westminster; stop the supply of coal to Irish rebels; suspend all ecclesiastical and educational grants; require the Vatican to take its choice between secular education and the suspension of the educational campaign of hate against England. The story of Anglo-Irish relations for centuries has been Irish hate and English indifference. That phase is ending. The boot may be on the other leg before much more water has passed under the bridge."

The writer is, I am told, one Mr. Arnold White, a specialist on the Navy, who, therefore, knows to some extent what he is talking about; but what he does not know is anything of Irish history, of the past or of the present. There has been no "indifference" on England's part in her hate against Ireland. There is no reason why Irish harbors

should not be used by England, or why Ireland should not be another Hamburg instead of another Poland. The policy of starving out the Irish is not a new one, but we would remind Mr. Arnold White that even the policy of exile and banishment which this old system led to has not proved a good one for England. In being forced to leave their own country emigrants have founded for Ireland her "colonies." She has now her Irish-Australians, her Irish-Americans, &c. That they have some power can be seen by the recent stopping of conscription in Australia, as well as by various movements in America. That they have great love and remembrance for their motherland can be guessed by anyone reading a list of the contributions to the "Irish Aid Fund" founded in Dublin for the relief of the relatives of the most extreme party in Ireland.

We do not know who Mr. Arnold White means by the "Irish Rebels" whom he threatens to deprive of coal, &c. How is he going to distinguish, in the four million people which English "indifference" has allowed us out of the eight million we had before the last "starving-out policy" was applied, the "rebels" from the Unionist Carsonites, the Constitutionalist Nationalists, the parents of the soldiers now at the front fighting for the "small nationalities," and the West Britons. No, Mr. Arnold White, yours is quite a false position. We do not think the colonies would submit to the blockade you threaten, but if they did it might be the best thing for Ireland. Though it is bigger than Belgium, it has, alas! now less than half that country's population.

And your policy would throw us on our own resources. We have some coal and plenty of turf. We have a pastoral country, with milk, eggs, meat, woollen clothing. We could support the present population, I have no doubt.

Since our party of conciliation in England cannot achieve for us even our very humble demands for Home Rule, which, surely, is no policy of hate, where would be the vital harm to us in forming a local government at home or using our Parliamentary representatives to agitate in your Parliament for further local benefits? We have wrung from England a system of land purchase and other things. But do not imagine that they have been gained by "English Indifference" nor by England's love of fair play. Let Mr. Arnold White turn over any old file of Irish newspapers. There is one here under my hand, dated November 12th, 1900:—

MR. WYNDHAM'S BEGINNING.
COERCION REVIVED.
THE BARNDARRIG MEETING PROCLAIMED.
THE PEOPLE BATONED.
"GIVE IT TO THEM HOT."

This is how we got our present benefits, such as they are. Make us "Sinn Fein," applying to these words their original meaning! Nothing would benefit Ireland more. Put on your blockade; cut off your coal supply, the extra taxation which your wars have always cost us; cut off our food supply from your ports, where it feeds your people at the expense of our own—in fact, make those Irish patriotic who refuse to see that their interests and their country's lie in that policy. Force us together where you now keep us apart. Ulsterman, Revolutionist, and Constitutionalist—we are all Irish and pro-Irish. Let our party in Parliament devote itself to our interests alone, and not worry about the rest of the world. Let us buy our own goods. Let us become great by self-help and self-reliance.

"The story of Anglo-Irish relations for centuries has been Irish hate and English indifference." Really, Mr. Arnold White, you should go and read Irish history. Turn up the "Penal Laws," read of how we lost our language, our prosperity, our manufactures, our population, and then talk of Irish hate and English indifference.—Yours, &c.,

DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON AND MR. WATSON.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Late last night my attention was called for the first time to the letter by Mr. William Watson in your issue of November 25th, in which he corrects your reviewer's

statement: "Some time ago Mr. William Watson generously said that all he knew about poetry he had learned from Watts-Dunton's articles in the 'Athenæum.'"

It is not fair that your reviewer should bear the burden of offence when I am the guilty party. He had obviously been reading my assertion on page 243 of the second volume of Watts-Dunton's life: "Mr. William Watson said comparatively recently that all he knew about poetry he had learned from Watts-Dunton's articles in the 'Athenæum'; adding that if these were republished they would make some of the finest reading in the world." All this I took from an article which appeared in a London newspaper a year before Watts-Dunton's death, and which was sent to me by a friend who knew that I was at that time particularly interested in all that related to Watts-Dunton. I never questioned its authenticity, and therefore used it without the smallest hesitation when writing my article in the biography. The cutting I had by me for a long time, but this morning I looked for it in vain, so I fear that I must have unintentionally destroyed it.

I cannot apologize for what I did in entire good faith, but I am truly sorry if my action has been the cause of chagrin either to Mr. William Watson or your reviewer.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN LAWRENCE LAMBE.

New Grove House, Hampstead Heath, N.W.
December 5th, 1916.

Poetry.

AT DAWN.

SLEEP, grey brother of death,
Has touched me,
And passed on.

I arise, facing the east—
Golden sermon
From which light,
Signed with dew and fire,
Dances.

Hail, essence, hail!
Fill the windows of my soul
With beauty:
Pierce and renew my bones:
Pour knowledge into my heart
As water
From a quenchless spring.

Cualann is bright before thee.
Its rocks melt and swim:
The secret they have kept
From ancient nights of darkness
Flies like a bird.

What mourns?
Cualann's secret flying,
A lost voice
In lonely fields.

What rejoices?
My voice lifted praising thee.

Praise! Praise! Praise!
Praise out of tubas, whose bronze
Is the unyoked strength of bulls;
Praise upon harps, whose strings
And the light movements of birds;
Praise of leaf, praise of blossom;
Praise of the red, human clay;
Praise of grass,
Fire-woven veil of the temple;
Praise of the shapes of clouds;
Praise of the shadows of wells;
Praise of worms, of fetal things,
And of the things in Time's thought
Not yet begotten—
To thee, queller of sleep,
Looser of the snare of death.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

AN ESSAY COMPETITION

The Proprietors of "The Nation" propose to offer a Series of Prizes for ESSAYS on the following subject :—

"The idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics how can it be translated into concrete terms ?"

The subject for the Essays is outlined in Mr. Asquith's speech at Dublin, on September 25th, 1914. The context is as follows :—

"I should like, beyond this inquiry into causes and motives, to ask your attention and that of my fellow-countrymen to the end which, in this war, we ought to keep in view. Forty-four years ago, at the time of the War of 1870, Mr. Gladstone used these words. He said :—'The greatest triumph of our time will be the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics.' Nearly fifty years have passed. Little progress, it seems, has as yet been made towards that good and beneficent change, but it seems to me to be now at this moment as good a definition as we can have of our European policy. The idea of public right—what does it mean when translated into concrete terms ? It means, first and foremost, the clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of states, and of the future moulding of the European world. It means next that room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own. Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Greece, and the Balkan States—they must be recognized as having exactly as good a title as their more powerful neighbours—more powerful in strength and in wealth—to a place in the sun. And it means finally, or it ought to mean, perhaps, by slow and

gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambition, for groupings and alliances, and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realized either to-day or to-morrow, but if and when this war is decided in favor of the Allies it will at once come within the range and before long within the grasp of European statesmanship." (*Authorized edition of the Speech revised by Mr. Asquith. Methuen, 1d.*)

At the Queen's Hall, London, on August 4th, 1916, Mr. Asquith made a similar declaration, with the addition of a reference to the extra-European world, which is given for purposes of comparison:—

"Early in the war I quoted a sentence which Mr. Gladstone used in 1870. 'The greatest triumph of our time,' he said, 'has been the enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics.' Mr. Gladstone worked all his life for that noble purpose. He did not live to see its attainment. By the victory of the Allies, the enthronement of public right here in Europe will pass from the domain of ideals and of aspirations into that of concrete and achieved realities. What does public right mean?

"I will tell you what I understand it to mean—an equal level of opportunity and of independence as between small States and great States, as between the weak and the strong; safeguards resting upon the common will of Europe, and, I hope, not of Europe alone, against aggression, against international covetousness and bad faith, against the wanton recourse in case of dispute to the use of force and the disturbance of peace. Finally, as the result of it all, a great partnership of nations federated together in the joint pursuit of a freer and fuller life for countless millions who by their efforts and their sacrifice, generation after generation, maintain the progress and enrich the inheritance of humanity."—(*The Times*, August 5th, 1916.)

Essays are to be written on the above statements made by Mr. Asquith.

In estimating their value the judges will consider how far the writers have dealt with the points enumerated in the two quotations above, and how far they have succeeded in suggesting an international arrangement in harmony with Mr. Asquith's conception. The Judges will look for evidence of an understanding of the vital issues raised by the problem. Writers should indicate the true implications of Mr. Asquith's utterances. Essays will be judged by quality and not by length. The question of literary form is left entirely to the competitors.

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Division 3. Working Men and Women.

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DIVISION I.

This Division is open to men and women resident in Great Britain and Ireland. The Essays must not exceed 14,000 words in length.

DIVISION II.

This Division is open to men and women, resident in Great Britain and Ireland, who are at present engaged in teaching; clergymen and ministers, including local preachers; and men and women who can give evidence that they have been engaged in voluntary public or social work. Essays must not exceed 5,000 words.

NOTE.—University Professors and University Extension Lecturers are excluded from this division, since the object of offering prizes in separate divisions is to ensure that no thoughtful person shall be deterred from competing by the fear of too severe competition.

DIVISION III.

This Division is open to *bona-fide* working men and women. The essays must not exceed 5,000 words in length.

JUDGES.

The Judges will be:—

PROFESSOR A. J. GRANT, M.A.

PROFESSOR L. T. HOBHOUSE, D.Litt.,
and

THE EDITOR OF "THE NATION,"

and their decision will be final.

CONDITIONS.

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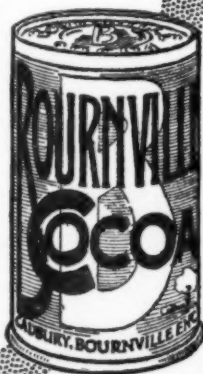
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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious." By Sigmund Freud. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections, 1868 to 1885." By Lord George Hamilton. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "England from the Earliest Times to the Great Charter." By Gilbert Stone. (Harrap. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Argentine through English Eyes." By J. A. Hammerton. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.)
 "Still Life." By J. Middleton Murry. (Constable. 5s. net.)
 "Vesprie Towers." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Smith, Elder. 6s. net.)

"BOXING," I learn from the pages of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," "is the art of hitting without getting hit." My search for a definition was caused by reading last week of the pride which Sir Hiram Maxim took in the practice of the art, and by failing to find any reference to it in Mr. Foakes Jackson's Lowell Lectures on "Social Life in England from 1750 to 1850." This latter is a surprising omission, for pugilism has left its mark both on English life and English literature. Mr. Shaw cynically complains that in novel-writing there are two trustworthy dodges for capturing the public. "One is to slaughter a child and pathosicate over its deathbed for a whole chapter. The other is to describe either a fight or a murder." And he goes on to hope that his own description of Cashel Byron's profession "may help in the Herculean task of eliminating romantic fisticuffs from English fiction." I sincerely trust not. If by romantic fisticuffs Mr. Shaw means triumphant assault and battery by the hero on the body of the villain, I should be sorry to see English fiction deprived of the theme. Take one of its first appearances in an English novel. Who does not enjoy the fight, discreditable as was its occasion, that Tom Jones put up against Parson Thwackum and Bliffl, which, through the interposition of Squire Western, ended in the hero's favor? And mark the terms that Fielding uses in his description. "This parson," he says, "had been a champion in his youth, and had won much honor by his fist, both at school and at the university. He had now indeed, for a great number of years, declined the practice of that noble art."

ANOTHER English novelist, separated from Fielding by more than a hundred years, is even more enthusiastic. The fight between Tom Brown and Slogger Williams is one of the most famous in fiction, and the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" explains that he wrote the chapter describing it, "partly because of the cant and twaddle that's talked of boxing and fighting with fists now-a-days." As further evidence of the universal appeal of pugilism, I will quote Mr. Birrell:—

"A gentle lady, bred amongst the Quakers, a hater of physical force, with eyes brimful of mercy, was lately heard to say, in heightened tones, at a dinner-table, where the subject of momentary conversation was a late prize-fight: 'Oh! pity was it that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them.' 'Amongst whom?' inquired her immediate neighbor. 'Amongst the bruisers of England,' was the terrific rejoinder. Deep were her blushes—and yet how easy to forgive her! The gentle lady spoke as one in dreams; for, you must know, she was born a Borrowian, and only that afternoon had read, for the first time, the famous twenty-fifth chapter of 'Lavengro.'"

In my edition of "Lavengro" the passage is to be found in the twenty-sixth chapter, and I would recommend any reader unfamiliar with its contents to read it at once, and then to turn to the eighty-fifth chapter of the same book, and follow the fortunes of the fight in the dingle between Lavengro, with Isopel Berners for his second, and the Flaming Tinman.

PERHAPS my advice in the last chapter is a little hazardous, for Borrow's lyrical eulogy of the English bruisers has a passage that distinctly tends to anti-Semitism. "It was fierce old Cobbett, I think," he writes, "who first said that the Jews first introduced bad faith amongst pugilists. He did not always speak the truth, but at any rate he spoke it when he made that observation." Still, let him that would cast a stone against the Jews pause and

remember that they are the race who produced a Mendoza. There is, I think, nothing in our literature to compare with Borrow's chapter except Hazlitt's essay on "The Fight," not reprinted, I regret to say, in the shilling edition of "Table-Talk." Hazlitt witnessed the contest between Bill Neate and Thomas Hickman, the Gas-man, and his description is worthy of the occasion:—

"By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, 'with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear' the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were led up to the *scratch*—shook hands, and went at it. . . . When it was over I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one. He said: 'Pretty well!' The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to Mrs. Neate. Alas for Mrs. Hickman!"

FIGHTS in fiction, though numerous, are often described without a proper regard for pugilistic principles, and in most cases the hero's pluck is made to compensate for his lack of science. Kenelm Chillingly is an example to the contrary. His first fight brought him defeat, and it was not until he took lessons in boxing from the Rev. John Chillingly that he was able to avenge the disgrace. These lessons cost him some scruples, which were, however, dissipated by the muscular divine's pronouncement: "If a gentleman thrashes a drayman twice his size, who has not learned to box, it is not unfair; it is but an exemplification of the truth that knowledge is power." In later years Kenelm was able to exemplify this truth in his great fight with Tom Bowles, over as well as under the *beaux yeux* of Miss Jessie Wiles. It ended with a blow upon "that part of the front where the eyes meet, and followed up with the rapidity of lightning, flash upon a flash, by a more restrained but more disabling blow with the left hand just where the left ear meets throat and jaw-bone." John Ridd's fight with Robin Snell in "Lorna Doone" is a confused affair, although John should have described it better, for he "had been three years at Blundell's, and foughten, all that time, a fight at least once every week." Marryat is another author who sinks into generalities when he introduces a bout of fisticuffs. Midshipman Easy "won his way up in school by hard and scientific combat," but of his affair with Vigers, which ended bullying on H.M. sloop "Harpy," we are told nothing but the result.

DICKENS has one good portrait of a pugilist in "Dombey and Son"—Mr. Toots's mentor, the Game Chicken, who "wore a shaggy white great coat in the warmest weather, and knocked Mr. Toots about the head three times a week, for the small consideration of ten and six per visit." But of the Chicken's contests we know far too little, merely that he covered himself and his country with glory in his encounter with the Nobby Shropshire One, and that when he met the Larkey Boy "the Chicken had been tapped and bunged, and had received pepper and had been made groggy, and had come up piping, and had endured a complication of similar strange inconveniences until he had been gone into and finished." Meredith is more explicit. His chapter in "The Amazing Marriage," recording the prize-fight between Kit Ines and Ben Todds, which Lord Fleetwood and Carinthia witnessed on their honeymoon, proves that he had more than a superficial knowledge of the subject.

BUT for fights described with a full appreciation of technique, we have to turn to two living writers—Mr. Bernard Shaw and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Cashel Byron's battle with Billy Paradise is narrated in realistic style, even to the foul at the end, yet, perhaps because the author so intended, it does not carry one away like the vivid and exciting account of Champion Harrison's last battle in "Rodney Stone." In spite of Mr. Shaw's contention, pugilism had best be viewed through a haze of romance. Otherwise it might be abolished, both by sense and sensibility. And, as the creator of Tom Brown asked: "What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, amongst any nation under the sun? What would you like to see take its place?"

PENGUIN.

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Reviews.

THE ANGLO-IRISHMAN.

"Ireland's Literary Renaissance." By ERNEST A. BOYD.
(Maunsel. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Middle Years." By KATHARINE TYNAN. (Constable.
10s. 6d. net.)

"Love of Ireland." By DORA SIGERSON (Mrs. Clement
Shorter). (Maunsel. 2s. 6d. net.)

It was the contention of the late Thomas MacDonagh in his book, "Literature in Ireland," that a distinctive Irish literature has recently grown up in the English language, and that this is due to the fact that English has at long last become the daily language of the great majority of the Irish people. The Irish mind, according to this argument, had hitherto either expressed itself in the Irish language or had been too exhausted and broken to express itself at all. English-speaking Irishmen had written poetry and prose of genius, but they wrote for an English audience: their imaginations and sympathies were English, not Irish. Goldsmith, Burke, and Sheridan are but three names in a long line of Irish genius (including in our own time the names of Oscar Wilde and Mr. Bernard Shaw) which has emigrated to England in search of an audience. The truth is that until recently there was very little hope of an Irish audience for Irish authors unless they talked the language of politics. Even to-day it may be doubted whether Ireland supports a single Irish author. The very Abbey Theatre goes wandering to London and New York in search of funds. A. E. is a painter and journalist as well as a poet. We doubt whether Mr. Yeats's Irish sales alone would justify the publication of a single one of his books from the monetary point of view. Even in England the public for literature, though not the public for books, is astonishingly small. In Ireland, until the other day, it might almost have been packed in a reasonably-sized excursion train. The world-success of Synge, the reputation of Mr. Yeats, the Maunsel publishing-house, the growing prosperity of the country, and the spread of secondary and University education have done much to give the Irish man of letters some hope of being able to live on literature if only he could be sure of surviving another century or so. Certainly, the Irish audience, if it has not supported many authors, has inspired many. The fact that Irish writers have turned their faces to it has given their work, as might have been expected, a new light and originality of intimacy. Irish literature has ceased to be an echo, and has become a beautiful voice. This is one of the most important literary facts of our time.

One cannot say that the fact has been ignored. No movement has ever been more industriously "written up." There is a whole library of books about it at the disposal of the historian—good books, bad books, and indifferent books. Mr. George Moore has written the comic history of it in "Hail and Farewell!" Mr. Yeats has just published his reminiscences. Mrs. Hinkson's now run to two volumes. And the result is that one knows the names of the Irish minor poets by this time as well as those of the Elizabethan dramatists. No book, however, covers quite the same field as Mr. Ernest Boyd's "Ireland's Literary Renaissance." It is a book which is at once useful in its information and dignified in its criticism. As a survey of the Irish literary movement it is the best thing that has so far been written. Not that we invariably agree with Mr. Boyd in his ideas as to which Irish authors are really Irish and which are really English. It seems to us absurd to omit all reference to the poems of Mr. James Joyce or the essays of T. M. Kettle, and it is equally absurd to leave the work of the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." out of account. The "Irish R.M." is no doubt merely the last and best of the books in the Lover-Lever tradition, but it is also a masterpiece which has caught the Irish accent with a genius as sure as Synge's or Lady Gregory's. The truth is, it is only possible to write a satisfactory history of modern Irish literature in one way, and that is to include the work of every Irish author of note, whether he derives from Mangan and Ferguson or not. Mr. Boyd wisely begins his history with the appearance of those two poets, whose finest work was their translations from the Irish. At

the same time, we wish he had tried to do a little justice to Thomas Moore. Moore's work had many admirable Irish qualities, and it did much to popularize Irish melody and Irish themes in Ireland as well as in England. And Mr. Boyd is unjust to the "Nation" group as well as to Moore. "Patriotic as was the 'Nation' group," he writes, "it cannot in the proper sense of the word be described as national." It would be far nearer the truth to say that, though it was national, it failed in not being sufficiently literary. It was for the most part a national journalistic movement, not a national literary movement. But good journalism is as necessary to a nation as good literature. As for the men of letters in it, Mangan was the one writer of soaring genius among them. He brought, as it were, a new spirit into Ireland out of the clouds and out of the dead centuries. He was the most Gaelic of all poets who have written in English. Even so, however, we cannot agree with Mr. Boyd that "apart from Gaelic sources, Mangan is as commonplace as Moore." One has only to recall "Babylon" in order to refute this. At the same time, Mr. Boyd's judgments are, on the whole, balanced and just. His tribute to Mr. Standish O'Grady as the immediate inspirer of the Irish literary revival, and his praise of Dr. Sigerson's translations are both well deserved. As he points out, however, Dr. Douglas Hyde's translations from the Irish have also immense importance in a history of the development of an Anglo-Irish literature. It is in the prose translation of "The Love-Songs of Connacht" that the student "will find the source of what has come to be regarded as the chief discovery, and most notable characteristic, of the drama of the Irish literary Revival, the effective employment of the Anglo-Irish idiom." For ourselves, we think still earlier anticipations of this may be found in Patrick Kennedy's versions of Irish legends and fairy-tales. But it was certainly Dr. Hyde who taught Synge how to write his gorgeous sentences. "The Love-Songs of Connacht," writes Mr. Boyd, "were the constant study of the author of 'The Playboy,' whose plays testify, more than those of any other writer, to the influence of Hyde's prose." Had it not been for Dr. Hyde, he adds, Synge's "most striking achievement might never have been known." And he gives an example of Dr. Hyde's Anglo-Irish, which is clearly a foreshadowing of the Synge word-decorations that all the world knows:—

"If you were to see the sky-woman, and she prepared and dressed,
Of a fine sunny day in the street, and she walking,
And a light kindled out of her shining bosom,
That would give sight to the man without an eye:
There is the love of hundreds in the forehead of her face,
Her appearance is, as it were, the Star of Monday,
And if she had been in being in the time of the gods,
It is not to Venus the apple would have been delivered up."

Mr. Boyd's quotation of these sentences is in itself an admirable piece of criticism. He goes marvellously wrong, however, when he comes to the work of Mr. W. B. Yeats. It is not that he despises Mr. Yeats, but that he fails at a critical point to understand him. He seems to regard "The Wind Among the Reeds"—Mr. Yeats's greatest book of lyrics—as a volume of pseudo-occult symbolism in praise of an abstract "Eternal Beauty." We should have thought it would be obvious to any sensitive reader that it is a book of profound and passionate love-poems in a disguise of strange myth and nomenclature. "The cumulative effect of the book," writes Mr. Boyd, "is unfavorable to all but the few—or is it the many?—who profess to find in Yeats's overweighted symbolism the exposition of a profound creed." That is one of the most unfortunate sentences in an excellent book. There are also unfortunate sentences which seem to disparage the remarkable dramatic gift of Mr. Lennox Robinson. But, as an essay in literary history, the volume is not only a good one, but, in the old-fashioned phrase, it supplies a long-felt want.

"The Middle Years" is a book concerned with the personalia rather than the achievements of the Irish literary Revival. Mrs. Hinkson's previous volume of reminiscences, "Twenty-five Years," was one of the most engaging books of literary gossip which have appeared in the present century, and "The Middle Years," though less populous with the figures of youth and genius, is also full of entertainment. As before, Mr. Yeats is the chief character in the play. Mrs. Hinkson prints many of his letters to her—an execrable habit, by the way, though the letters are beautiful and Mr.

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Yeats consented to their publication—and she also tells some amusing stories about his younger days. She relates, among other things, that he was "great on hypnotism":—

"He said he could hypnotize a hen by putting a penny on the ground, drawing a chalk circle about it, and setting the hen to gaze fixedly at that particular spot. The trouble was to catch your hen, and to persuade her to gaze fixedly. In default of an obliging hen, he tried the experiment on my Pom. Having assured me that the dog could not possibly move, he was hardly taken aback when the dog got tired of it and walked away. There was a certain effrontery about his disappointments."

But Mr. Yeats's own letters fill the most memorable pages in the book. In one of them, written twenty-seven years ago, Mr. Yeats expresses his hopes for an Irish school of literature:—

"Much may depend in the future on Ireland now developing writers who know how to formulate in clear expressions the vague feelings now abroad—to formulate them for Ireland's, not for England's use."

He is critical of his own work on the ground of its vagueness:—

"All seems confused, incoherent, inarticulate. Yet this I know—I am no idle poetaster. My life has been in my poems. To make them, I have broken my life in a mortar, as it were. I have brayed in it youth and fellowship, peace and worldly hopes. I have seen others enjoying while I stood alone with myself—commenting—commenting—a mere dead mirror on which things reflect themselves. I have buried my youth, and raised over it a cairn—of clouds. Some day I shall be articulate perhaps."

There are also amusing passages in the letters. In one of them, for instance, Mr. Yeats writes:—

"Yes, my beard's off! and whether for good I don't know. Some like it, some not. Madame Blavatsky promised me a bad illness in three months through the loss of all the mesmeric force that collects in a beard—one has gone by. When she sees me, she professes to wonder at my being still on my legs."

Journalists have always been Mr. Yeats's pet aversion, and in one of the letters he professes contempt even for those who in the 'eighties gathered round Henley:—

"I hate journalists. There is nothing in them but tittering, jeering emptiness. They have all made what Dante calls the Great Refusal—that is, they have ceased to be self-centred, have given up their individuality. I do not, of course, mean people like O'Brien, who have a message to deliver, but the general run of—especially the successful one. . . . The shallowest people on the ridge of the earth."

Other letters remind us that Mr. Yeats himself attempted journalism, writing literary notes in "The Manchester Courier," and contributing to publications like "The Leisure Hour"! Among the incidental entertainments of the letters are William Morris's description of the English as "the Jews of the North," and Mr. Yeats's own charming description of Oxford:—

"I wonder anybody does anything at Oxford but dream and remember; the place is so beautiful. One almost expects the people to sing instead of speaking. It is all (the colleges, I mean) like an Opera."

But Mr. Yeats is not the only notable figure in Mrs. Hinkson's book. Here, too, are Francis Thompson, George Wyndham, A. E., and a host of other good companions. There are a good many trivial pages in the book. Mrs. Hinkson forgets scarcely a dinner or an introduction—but the proportion of excellence is large for a modern volume of reminiscences.

Among the Irish authors who have more than a passing reference in both Mr. Boyd's and Mrs. Hinkson's books is Mrs. Clement Shorter, who has just collected her poems and ballads about Ireland into a single volume called "Love of Ireland." Mrs. Shorter is a musician of patriotism. Her Irish poems charm both with their fancy and their melody. There have been few happier fancies about Ireland than that which imagines how God:—

"loosed from His hold
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings."

There is the true melody of the Irish ballad tradition in "Kathleen Ni Houlihan" in its opening:—

"As I came down from the Hill of Aileach,
When Spring sang in the air,
I heard the silken voice of Summer
Call from the cold earth there."

"As I came down from the Hill of Aileach,
I heard low laughter sweet.
Then I came on a fairy young maiden
Dancing on snow-pale feet."

One of the most successfully romantic poems in the volume is that called "The Man Who Trod on Sleeping Grass":—

"My neighbors still upbraid me,
And murmur as I pass,
'There goes a man enchanted,
He trod on fairy grass.'"

"My little ones around me,
They claim my old caress,
I push them roughly from me
With hands that cannot bless."

And then comes the haunted man's vision—or rather audition—of the pursuing fairies:—

"Around my head for ever,
I hear small voices speak
In tongues I cannot follow,
I know not what they seek."

"I raise my hands to find them
When Autumn winds go by,
And see between my fingers
A broken Summer fly."

"I raise my hands to hold them
When Winter days are near,
And clasp a falling snowflake
That breaks into a tear."

"And ever follows laughter
That echoes through my heart,
From some delights forgotten
Where once I had a part."

"I see my neighbors shudder,
And whisper as I pass;
'Three nights the fairies stole him;
He trod on sleeping grass!'"

Mrs. Shorter's poems, though they are to so great an extent of fairyland, are essentially poems of the affections. For Ireland is itself Mrs. Shorter's true fairyland, and there is a fairy piper making music about Ireland in her heart. There is nothing pretentious in her verses—nothing that aims at the grand phrase or at cosmic philosophy. It is all as clear as a stream, as simple and (as it were) as accidental as a stream's song. It is because it is bright with the genuine emotion of romance that Mrs. Shorter's poetry has won its way into so many treasuries of modern verse.

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can understand Shakespeare without knowing where you are with his contemporaries. It cannot be too strongly urged that the great days of the English drama were never stable; that their strides covered in ten years a ground which in another period would take fifty. There is as much difference between the drama of 1590 and of 1612 (the year of the publication of "The White Devil") as there is between the drama of 1612 and the Restoration. Brooke, indeed, deals not only with Webster and his circle, but with the origins of the Renaissance drama and the theatre itself as a province of art. We need not pad after him too seriously in the last. He is rather balancing generalities on the end of a dexterous, but too pointed, nose. He makes far too much, for instance, of the drama as a spectacle to be seen rather than literature to be read. It is true of some of the dramatists, but not of the others. The experts have laid far too much stress on the play as a stage production. All the evidence is in their favor, we know (the devil-may-care attitude to posterity, the unholy deeds of piratical publishers, and so forth). But the Elizabethan drama, with all its faults, was a great drama, and a great drama implies not occasional journalism at the beck of a stage-manager catering for his public, but certain æsthetic standards which make inevitably for literature. Brooke, indeed, makes so much of his point that we are tempted to retaliate and demand what right he has to judge Webster, if he never saw his genius on the stage. Webster, too, who is patently a literary rather than a stage dramatist.

Indeed, Brooke's early chapters, before he comes into intimate contact with Webster himself, are so baffling and provocative that you never know where you are with him. How juvenile, how extravagant, how sound, what absurdity, how wayward, what true literary apprehension and scholarship! You think of him at one moment as a male Portia come to wrench the laurels from the learned doctors' heads, at another as a pedlar in dubious generalizations. What nonsense, for instance, to say that religion has persecuted and starved the arts for eighteen hundred years. The Puritans did their best, perhaps, to turn art into pedagogy, but the Catholics, though they have trampled on faith, have not, on the whole, been hostile to art. And it is superfluous to point out in how many cases religion has been the inspiration of art, and art of religion. But he is soundness itself when he declares how essentially different were the Elizabethans from ourselves. As a simple example—put a play of Ibsen's before an Elizabethan audience and what would they make of it? So with his retrospect of the moralities, mysteries, interludes, and particularly minstrel literature in their ancestral relation to Renaissance drama. But it is not true to say out of hand that the popular stage was untouched by Seneca. What of Kyd? It was the blessed misinterpretation of Seneca that counted. And it is noteworthy that Ben Jonson, the classicist, did not model himself on Seneca. Again, we are heartily at one with him in his defiance of the chronicle play, the "transient, dreary, childish" convention that put Shakespeare in rusty armor for so long. The fault of the mere scholar is that he will have us swallow things whole. Then, on the top of a series of analyses governed by a keen taste and clear intellect, comes an over-estimate of Marston that is almost freakish. Brooke shares his predilection with Hazlitt—we cannot, for the life of us, see why. Marston is, indeed, like strong rum gone bad. His rhetoric, inflated style, obscenity, and moral obliquity are not the point. In a word, what was wrong with Marston was a total, radical, irremediable insincerity. It was that which turned his ferocity into rant, his satire into cant, his tragedy into fustian, and his force into an affectation of it. Insincerity always finds him out. Brooke declares that Marston never succeeded in writing a good comedy. It seems to us that was just what he could do. "The Malcontent" is a queer sort of comedy, but it has fine work in it, simply because Marston was no longer pretending to be serious, or rather because a lack of genuine seriousness did not vitiate his artistic purpose to the same extent as it did in tragedy. Then a few pages further we find Middleton lightly dismissed as "the vulgarest of writers." An unintelligible criticism. "Are 'The Changeling,' 'The Mayor of Queenborough,' 'The Spanish Gipsy,' 'Women, Beware Women' vulgar? You cannot combat such a blunder. The only thing to do is flatly to contradict it. It is the more curious since Brooke sharply,

vigorously, and, in our opinion, very justly defends the coarse gaiety of the Elizabethan farce against its modern detractors. They are applying, he says pertinently, the standards of the modern drawing-room to a lusty, plain-spoken, out-of-doors masculinity a thousand times more innocent than the polite snigger of the musical comedy. But the point is that it was Middleton ("A Mad World, my Masters!" "A Chaste Maid in Cheapside," &c.) who fathered and popularized this kind of play upon the stage. He excelled in it. One last grumble. It was probably Ben Jonson, says Rupert Brooke, who interpolated the additions to Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" in the later revision of the play (given in Lamb's "Specimens"). We yield to nobody in our admiration of Ben Jonson, as Fleet Street would say, but if there was one thing of which he was totally incapable, it was passion. Nobody can read those interpolations without feeling the hurricane passion sweeping through them. It was far more likely that Webster himself (as Lamb suggests) wrote them.

We should not have drawn attention to this last matter of detail, did it not illustrate how puzzling Brooke's treatise can be. For when it comes to Webster, he again shows a literary perversity and appreciation of the subtleties of style and atmosphere combined. Webster's skill in bitter comment (too artistic to be merely savage); his incomparable power of playing on the nerves; his slow, troubled, labored workmanship (thereby achieving the more sombre effects); his tremendous way of flinging a generalization into the pitchy cauldron of his two great dramas; his masterly and childish use of soliloquy; his ghastly solemnity; his intensification of the nightmare of suffering; his genius for borrowing and emending—here Brooke's criticism is of the first excellence. He gives several remarkable examples of Webster's use of his note-book for passages from Florio's Montaigne, Donne, and the "Arcadia." In spite of our limited space, we are too sorely tempted to refrain from giving one of them. Montaigne:—

"Forasmuch as our sight, being altered, represents unto itself things alike; and we imagine that things fall as it doth to them: As they who travel by sea, to whom mountains, fields, towns, *Heaven and earth* seem to go the same motion, and keep the same course they do."

Flamíneo tempting Vittoria with the happiness Brachiano can give her ("The White Devil"):

"So perfect shall be thy happiness, that, as men at sea think land and trees and ships go that way they go, so both *Heaven and earth* shall seem to go your voyage."

An astonishing illumination wrought by simply putting three words into a different context. As Brooke says: "The result is a simile of incomprehensible appropriateness and exquisite beauty, an idea in a Shelleyan attitude where words have various radiance rather than meaning, an amazing description of the sheer summit of the ecstasy of joy." But he makes far too much of Webster's fascinated probing of the human maggot-heap. That is not at all the way to look at so intense, so serious a critic of life in drama. Webster uses human corruption simply as a means of extracting an unworldly subtlety and passion from the characters who suffer by it—not because he likes human corruption, as Marston did. And he ought to have made two other aspects of Webster more emphatic. In the first place, his extraordinarily apt and copious use of concrete simile. They leap out of his irregular blank verse like tongues of lightning, making the surrounding mirk and gloom more dark. Secondly, Webster's moral attitude. Webster was a moralist through and through. But he was too great an artist to moralize his plays out of perspective.

But Brooke's finer critical powers are curiously preserved in the appendices. Here, indeed, we must let him go his own way without question or suggestion. But we cannot read them without reflecting on the extraordinary fact that a young man who died when he was twenty-five has, by textual examination, by the use of a research displaying the widest knowledge, by exact external and internal tests of style, mannerism, and characterization, not only confounded all the experts on the Elizabethan drama, but done so infallibly. His chief triumph has been to prove beyond hesitation that "Appius and Virginia" was not written by Webster, but by Heywood. This is not the place to follow in his methodical track, and readers must take our word for it that we have applied and experimented

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with his tests as closely as is possible, and without discovering the slightest flaw in them. There they are, and the experts will have to deal with them, and no longer assume, as they always have done, that "Appius and Virginia" is Webster's. No careful reader can fail to note the inconsistencies in style and metre between "Appius and Virginia" and "The White Devil," "The Duchess of Malfi," and "The Devil's Law Case," but Brooke has driven home his point, and there is an end of it. So convincing an exposition makes the errors of judgment in the earlier portion of the book the more bewildering. At any rate, his untimely death causes us to mourn not only a brilliant and delightful personality, not only a good (though not superlatively good) poet, but a literary scholar of the highest promise, and a literary critic of eagerness and enthusiasm, who would no doubt in time have sloughed off a rather Byronic attitude of defiance.

AN IMPERIAL PROBLEM.

"Young India: An Interpretation and a History of the Nationalist Movement from Within." By LAJPAT RAI. (New York: Huebsch. Half-a-dollar.)

It is nine years now since Lala Lajpat Rai became famous throughout India as the first notable victim of "deportation." The year before, he had been to England with his friend and guide, the late Mr. Gokhale, one of the noblest natures and wisest statesmen ever devoted to public life in India or any other country. In England he had finally recognized not only the unfathomable ignorance of the people in regard to India, but the hopeless indifference of our politicians to the whole question. He had seen the blank look on all faces when India is mentioned. He had known the refusal of editors to touch the subject as being the least interesting under the sun. He had watched members of Parliament run from the House on the one day in the year given to India. He returned to Lahore profoundly discouraged. Except under pressure of agitation, he believed that hope of reform was not to be looked for from the central Government. Appeal to the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy he knew to be vain, for detestation of all change is the invariable mark of officialdom. He turned to his own people of the Punjab with the eloquence of indignation. Without trial or cause named, he was secretly carried off to Mandalay. A statute of early last century was quoted as sufficient authority, but the arbitrary action raised a storm of protest throughout India, and surprise even in this country. For a Liberal Government was then in power, and "Habeas Corpus" was still a part of our Constitution.

Happily for India, she had in Lord Morley one of the few Secretaries of State who have known or cared anything about the country. Hampered and thwarted on every side, by antiquated "experts" at home, and the obstinate officials of routine in the Indian provinces, Lord Morley remained genuinely anxious to meet the demands of Indians for redress of grievances and a share in their own country's government. Within six months, Lajpat Rai was released, and he returned in time to be present at the stormy Congress in Surat when the Extremist followers of Mr. Tilak came to violent rupture with the old Moderate leaders of the Congress, such as Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, while Mr. Gokhale vainly ingeminated peace. When the turmoil ended with the withdrawal of the Extremists from the Congress programme, Lajpat Rai, to the surprise of many, declared his allegiance to the Moderate party still, and he remained loyal to it. But, finding himself watched and suspected, and seeing Lord Morley's reforms (so excellent in their intentions) partially stultified, he returned to his earlier philanthropic services to his people, and tried to content himself with "social work" and the purification of Hindu religion in accordance with the Vedantic doctrines of the Arya Samaj.

From this little book it is evident that he has found these social and religious activities insufficient. It is evident that he shares the belief of that large and increasing body of educated Indians who have grown dissatisfied with

"Congress" methods and are raising their political demands:—

"These nationalists," he writes, "maintain that the first condition of life—life with respect and honor, life for profit and advantage, life for progress and advancement—is political freedom. Life without that is no life. It is idle, therefore, to think of matters which are manifestations or developments or embellishments of life."

The whole book is, indeed, a concrete illustration of Campbell-Bannerman's great saying that self-government is better than good government. That is a principle which no official, no bureaucracy, will ever understand. To the official it is impossible to suppose that the country might gain by his disappearance, no matter how "expert" he may be. The attitude of bureaucracy varies between fatherly solicitude, fatherly contempt, and fatherly oppression, whether in Russia, Germany, or our own country. But in India, where the ruling officials belong to a different race from the people, the fatherliness is exaggerated in all these respects. In the Introduction to the present book Professor Pratt, of Williams College, one of the latest American writers on India, is quoted as saying that most Englishmen whom he met in India were singularly lacking in curiosity about Indian thought, religion, tradition, and ways of viewing things:—

"One English gentleman who had lived in Calcutta and other parts of the East for many years said to the professor: 'The natives are all just a lot of animals, don't you think so?'"

That is a common view among the Anglo-Indian bureaucrats. Of course, there are various ways of treating animals. There is the way which made Lord Morley say that bad manners, disagreeable everywhere, are a crime in India; and yet how common is that crime! And there is the way in which the English sportsman treats his spaniels and other nice dogs, patting them on the head and fussing over them so long as they are good. But put it at its very best, paternal government can only result in what the veteran Dadabhai Naoroji has called "moral poverty." The most considerably-governed breed of human spaniels will never develop self-confidence, initiative, manliness, and the other fine qualities which make national life. Take an instance from the present war: everyone who has studied India knows the Bombay Parsi, Mr. Wacha, the authority on statistics, and about the most moderate of all reformers. Lajpat Rai quotes him as writing:—

"Even to-day thousands on thousands are willing and ready to take up arms in the great cause for which the Allies are fighting. But, unfortunately, the permanent bureaucracy of the land has sternly, if politely, refused those applications. . . . It is this attitude of the Government, in the midst of the great tragic crisis, that has caused the bitterest disappointment."

Contrasting this British policy with that of Imperial Rome, Mr. Wacha hopes we shall not further deny to the Indian peoples the exercise of arms, "the want of which for so many years has led to their emasculation," and Lajpat Rai continues:—

"This word 'emasculation' affords the key to the situation in India from the purely Indian point of view. Political, physical, and economic emasculation is the keynote of British rule there."

It is against the perpetuation of this moral poverty that Lajpat Rai here utters his protest. We do not see how the moral poverty of subject races governed from above can be avoided, no matter how genuinely the foreign officials may believe themselves to be governing for the subject race's advantage. To escape from moral poverty is the ultimate justification of all Home Rule. It is the justification of the new "Home Rule for India League," which Lajpat Rai evidently regards as likely to supersede the old "Congress" methods, which some English at home have regarded with apathy and most of the English in India with contempt:—

"The Indians," Lajpat Rai writes, "have no desire to do anything which might in any way injure or harm the position of Great Britain as a world power. They would much rather gain Home Rule in India by peaceful means and remain a part of the British Empire than subvert British authority in India by force or seek the assistance of any other foreign power to gain their end."

The whole book is a definite and, we believe, an accurate statement of the present feeling among a rapidly-increasing body of young and educated Indians,

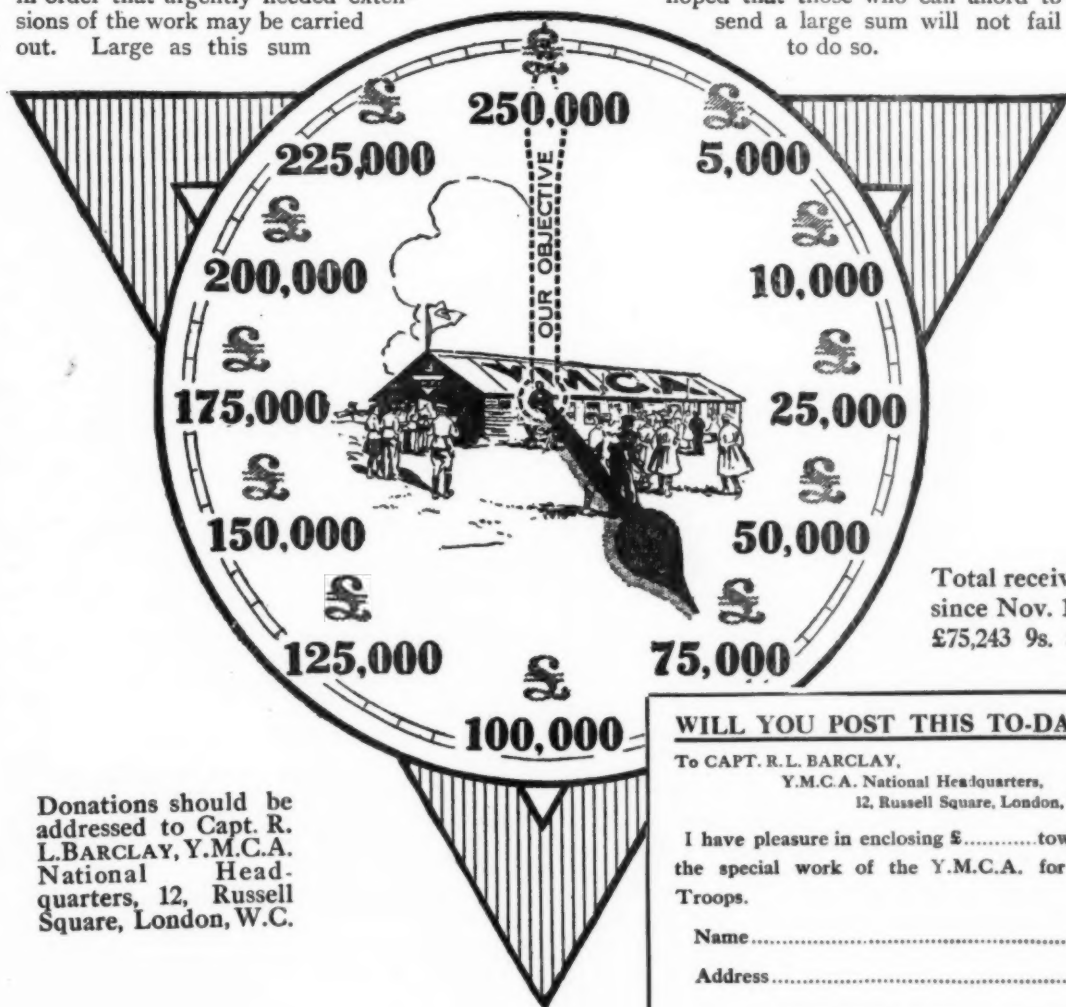
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appears it is small indeed compared with the happiness and joy it will afford to millions of our men on service. Already the sum of £75,243 9s. 5d. has been given, but £174,756 10s. 7d. remains to be raised before the 31st of December. If everyone who has a friend in the Army will help, success is assured. Watch the Triangle Clock from day to day. Send your own gift in early, and get your friends to do the same. No subscription is too small to be of help in this great effort; but it is earnestly hoped that those who can afford to send a large sum will not fail to do so.



who, largely from our own history, have learnt the value of political freedom, and the extreme difficulty of winning or retaining it. Lajput Rai thus presents to us one of the greatest problems which we shall have to face directly the war is over, and if our statesmen are wise they will neither neglect nor attempt to burke it now.

GOOD, BAD, AND INDIFFERENT.

"The Spring Song." By FORREST REID. (Arnold. 6s.)
 "The Wonderful Year." By W. J. LOCKE. (Lane. 6s.)
 "The Farm-Servant." By E. H. ANSTRUTHER. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

It is stretching a point to call "The Spring Song" indifferent; to call Mr. Forrest Reid an indifferent artist would be like Justice Darling. Mr. Reid is one of the very few novelists living who has not instinctively recognized an incompatibility of temper between the novel and literature. Year by year the estrangement grows, and even so Olympian (without the aloofness) a genius as Henry James could only reconcile this ill-wedded pair, until his death set them pulling apart again. Now Humpty-Dumpty is just tottering off the wall, and not all the problem-novels in these isles can, we suspect, put him together again. What Mr. Reid has done, less brilliantly but with more feeling than Mr. Stephens, is simply to recharge the empty batteries of the novel with the poetic spirit. And "The Spring Song" is, we feel, only a stepson of this same spiritual delicacy and insight. It is the story of the Weston children's summer holiday with their grandfather, a canon, in the country. Grif, the most sensitive of them to subconscious impressions, comes into touch with one Bradley, the organist of the church, once a homicidal maniac and now an eccentric. Mr. Bradley would have been a boon and a blessing to King James I., because he puts a spell on Grif, and poisons the clear fountains of his youth at their source. By auto-suggestion, in fact, he induces Grif to believe that a dead little boy of the neighborhood wants Grif's company in the shades. But before the amiable Mr. Bradley can make sure of his prey, he sets the church on fire and jumps off the steeple. Grif's demons are finally exorcised, but only at the cost of an exhausted life. Well, it is a difficult enough piece of work, because it has to satisfy both fantasy and verisimilitude. And Mr. Reid has been rather crushed between the upper and the nether millstone. He has used too evasive a treatment for too material and (at times) commonplace a theme.

But oh! ten thousand times would we rather have the failures of Mr. Reid than the successes of Mr. Locke. Mr. Reid may fail, but he cannot help his poetic sensibility; Mr. Locke may succeed but he cannot avoid his vulgarity. In "The Wonderful Year," which is no better and no worse than his other pseudo-romantic effusions, the naive Martin Overshaw and the disgruntled Corinna take a bicycle trip from Paris to Brantôme in Périgord in search of happiness, and on the advice of one of Mr. Locke's most picturesque characters—a seedy lawyer with an enlarged heart of gold and with a phrase as profound as a stump orator's and as idiomatic as an Order in Council. In Brantôme, there are the gentle Félise and her uncle, the innkeeper, Bigourdin, an obese patriot whose income is derived from a *pâté de foie gras* factory. Those familiar with the processes of making it will no doubt agree with Mr. Locke what a "delicate craft" it is. Corinna is dropped out to come in at the end and marry Bigourdin, wounded on the field of battle; Martin becomes a waiter, runs off to Egypt to make love to a very earthly goddess, enlists in the French army, and finally marries Félise. An average and seemingly harmless story enough. It is in Mr. Locke's use of his material that a radically false taste is manifested. He has a phrase in the book, "soul provisions," which illustrates our meaning. The provisions are always soulful, and the soul always settling like a fly on the provisions. "In the eyes of the world the Almighty dollar may seem to rule America—but every thinking American knows in his heart of hearts that the Almighty dollar is but an accidental symbol of the Almighty Soul of Man." There it is again. Those Beloved Vagabonds! Fronting the Odyssean main in a pearl-studded evening shirt, taking great swigs from the liqueur decanter and roaring huge soul-talk at adorably-dimpled

ladies tempestuously petticoated. Oh! how that glittering taketh us!

Mr. Locke is a popular and Miss Anstruther a first novelist. What a deal of good it would do the former to take lessons of the latter! "The Farm-Servant" is not a great novel, but its sound, true, and solid workmanship is a compensation to a reviewer of novels, which he will cherish. It has no irrelevant embroidery or flummery about it whatever, and shows an independence of the fashions of the time which, if there were nothing else, would stamp the individuality of the author. And what a pleasure it is to encounter this firm and definite treatment of character! Miss Anstruther, it is patent, began with a clear plan in her head which she has carried out by a coherent method to an orderly finish. The stoical Anna, the farm-servant, who has a child by Frank Harding, her employer's son, is conceived with admirable directness. The strength and intensity of her emotions ("The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb") are never falsified either by a sentimental or idealized appeal. She remains, as she is, a peasant all the time. Frank, too, is excellent in his way. Though his experiences as an artist in Paris are a little shadowy (Miss Anstruther talks of the Latin quarter, Mr. Locke of the Quartier Latin), his development is unambiguous and consecutive. Particularly good is Miss Anstruther's refusal to moralize on Frank's departure from the village—an obvious temptation to a lesser novelist. Nor is his ultimate recognition of and return to Anna in the least artificial, as it very well might have been. The minor personalities, too, have their place and psychology, neither obtruding upon the other. It is, indeed, curious to observe how Miss Anstruther, not inherently a subtle psychologist, manages to keep her people on the right plane. It is the mixing of the planes that does the mischief. There are two explanations. The compactness and sharp outlines of her technical management naturally check any untoward aberrations, and she seems to possess that kind of honest comprehension which some women have of knowing what people are going to do and how they are going to see things. Flaws, indeed, there are. It is strange that in a novel of country life, and one in which narrative is subordinate to character, Miss Anstruther has not conveyed to the reader either a sense of landscape or a sense of atmosphere. The general effect is sometimes a little gaunt. And her style is neither choice nor distinguished. Here, indeed, the inexperience which one is inclined to expect (often falsely, since the first book is so often the best and certainly the most painstaking) can be detected. Particular expressions like "envisage," "per-spiciaciously," so-and-so "was in the nature of an experiment," instead of so-and-so "was an experiment," and the like, may be only flies in amber or a few pigs in clover. But such phrases as "At eighteen Letitia Jules presented to Frank a subtle compact of neat, unassailable perfection," and "the fact that his son was plainly growing out of his clothes was one that appeared to cause him the deepest resentment when brought to his notice by the boy's aunt" are symbols, not indeed of a foggiess, but of a general tendency to a sagging and labored expression, which Miss Anstruther is too good to retain. Anyway, if she has written a good novel now, she will write a better one in the future, because she does not by any means leave an impression of having poured herself out in the first. She has most happily avoided the autobiographical blight, by getting at a distance from her subject and regarding it clearly and objectively. But the autobiographists are almost always out of pocket after the first expenditure.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Seventy-one Years of a Guardsman's Life." By General Sir GEORGE HIGGINSON, G.C.B. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

At the age of ninety Sir George Higginson has written this volume of recollections, "inspired solely by the hope that the descendants of those with whom I was associated in my early life may be reminded how true and faithful was the regard our forefathers cherished for that 'little company of soldiers' who, for more than two hundred and fifty years, have, as the First Regiment of Guards, served their King and country with undeviating loyalty." Most of the book



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is occupied with the Crimean War, though some of Sir George Higginson's memories take us back to a still earlier world. He dined with Beau Brummell in 1837 at Caen, when that exquisite's mental faculties were beginning to fail, for he twice spoke of the recently-crowned Queen as "this young Virginia." On another occasion Sir George had the privilege of sitting at table next to Lola Montez, and seeing her kick an ice-pail across the room in an outburst of temper. The chapters on the Crimean War are full of enthusiasm for the author's regiment. His description of how the colors were saved at Inkermann is most dramatic. He gives some striking facts about the muddle and blundering in the preparations for the campaign. A cargo of medical stores was sent to Scutari, but on the ship's arrival, these were found to be buried beneath tons of siege shot and shell, and none of the doctors' requisites could be obtained until the vessel returned from unloading the ammunition at Balaclava. Sir George Higginson's letters to his parents are printed just as they were written from the front sixty years ago, though fuller knowledge shows that many of his early views were mistaken. He is severe on Canrobert, and had some admiration for Lord Raglan. One of his stories about the British Commander is too good to miss. It rests on the authority of Lord Cowley, who told Sir George Higginson that at the great conference in Paris, Raglan pointed to the map illustrating the respective positions likely to be occupied by the Allies, and twice indicated with his finger certain places which might be occupied by "l'ennemi," evidently forgetting for the moment that for "l'ennemi" should have been substituted "nos amis" or "nos alliés." Another of Sir George Higginson's Crimean memories is that of serving, at the end of the war, on a board for the discharge of a thousand soldiers, and "signing documents which turned loose upon the world, without pension or gratuity," men who were sent to wander "penniless and without employment throughout the country."

"Lord William Beresford, V.C." By Mrs. STUART MENZIES. (Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. STUART MENZIES's book is fairly well described by its sub-title—"Some Memories of a Famous Sportsman, Soldier, and Wit." It is true that Lord William Beresford's claim to wit is hardly made out in the biography, for the stories intended to show him in this capacity merely prove that he had a fund of high spirits and an inclination to practical jokes. What is clearly revealed in the book is that Lord William Beresford was one of the best of companions, a loyal and honorable gentleman, who entered with zest into every pursuit he thought worth following. He won his Victoria Cross in the Zulu War, and after serving as A.D.C. in India to Lord Lytton and afterwards to Lord Ripon, he acted as Military Secretary to Lord Dufferin. Mrs. Stuart Menzies naturally gives a good deal of space to Lord William Beresford's experiences on the Turf. He knew every race, its dates and distances, stakes and conditions, by heart. It was through his agency that Tod Sloan came over to this country, and to this extent he is responsible for the crouching, forward seat that has caused a revolution in English racing. Mrs. Menzies's book has short appreciations of its subject from Lord Beresford and Lord Cromer. The former writes that his brother had "the most lovable nature, the most charming character, the pluckiest spirit, and most generous mind" that he has ever met, while Lord Cromer's tribute to his friend is almost as high.

"Shadows of Yesterday." By MARJORIE BOWEN. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

"SHADOWS OF YESTERDAY" is a collection of short stories, with an eighteenth-century setting. So, of course, as we are told—"An ancient sword, an old-fashioned jewel, a faded silk or a cinquecento copper—romance hangs around them. Each assuredly played its part once in some drama of passion." With such illusory material Miss Bowen starts heavily handicapped. Indeed, it is to her credit that, so encrusted with convention as her stories are, so completely out of harmony with the age, and so burdened with stage properties, they are as readable as they are. Her readableness is not the fruit of verisimilitude, dramatic skill, freshness of observation, power of suggestion, and character-drawing so much as the invention of ingenious situations. And we must be thankful that there are no "methinks."

The Week in the City.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE's attempt to "knock out" the Prime Minister and the resulting Cabinet crisis have occupied the City and diverted its attention, temporarily, from the financial danger. The refusal of our Treasury Notes by United States banks has been followed by borrowing for exchange purposes in Japan at what seems an exorbitant rate of interest. But, in fact, one cannot wonder that the rate of interest, as well as commodity prices, should have doubled after more than two years of such a war as this. With Consols at 54, Midland Preferred at 43, Irish Threes at 56, Peruvian Six per Cent. Debentures 78, &c., the few who prosper on war have found opportunities of buying up the capital of those who, under pressure of income-tax and dear living, are selling the securities they had saved. Of course, the output of new securities causes the markets to drop week after week, and the position of jobbers who stand to be shot at is unenviable. What prevents a *débâcle* is the hope eternal, fostered from time to time by rumors, that peace may soon be in sight. Everyone is anxious to be convinced that such a peace would be durable, and the word "premature" is becoming less popular as the third winter of the war advances, and the spectre of world-wide famine comes in sight. The political crisis is variously regarded. City men always profess to look down upon politicians, and regard them just now with even less admiration than usual. The financial situation in New York is interesting, and quite a flurry has occurred in the Money Market there, such as sometimes heralds a Stock Exchange crisis.

THE P. AND O. REPORT.

The actual net profit shown in the report of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co. for the year ended September 30th last is £591,500. Last year the corresponding figure was £431,200, but an accurate comparison cannot be made, for this year's total includes a profit on the sale of property, credit balances remaining after closing certain outstanding accounts and a final dividend on the holding of shares in the New Zealand Shipping Company, which recently came under the control of the P. and O. Company. Again this year's profit is struck after adding £126,000 to reserve. The dividend and bonus on the Deferred shares is raised from 15 to 18 per cent. free of income-tax, and absorbs £432,316, leaving £85,300, or £7,100 more than was brought in, to be carried forward. The directors refer to a heavy increase in expenses in all directions, and point out that the mail matter carried owing to the war has increased to such an extent that in many cases there has been little, and in some cases, no room whatever for cargo in the mail steamers. The fleet has been reduced by nine steamers during the year, five having been lost and four requisitioned by the Government. The "Arabia" was sunk since the closing of the accounts. P. and O. Deferred gained 3 points on the announcement of the increased dividend a month ago, and have also put on two points since the publication of the report.

GRAND TRUNKS.

It is at first sight, perhaps, difficult to understand why the market has not responded more to the large increases in traffic receipts shown by the Grand Trunk. Canadian Pacific returns have clearly shown the effects of the smaller harvest, but the Grand Trunk system showed an increase in gross receipts in October alone of £204,150, while for the first ten months of the year the net receipts of the Grand Trunk and its subsidiaries show an advance of £555,050 when compared with the corresponding period of last year. The reason for lack of activity in the shares is that the Grand Trunk Railway is overweighed with liabilities arising from guarantees to the Grand Trunk Pacific. It may be remembered that this year the Canadian Government granted a loan to the Grand Trunk Pacific to cover a deficit, but this was only a temporary measure, and how far the Government assistance is likely to be of any permanence is at present entirely a matter of conjecture.

LUCCELLUM.

